

GOLDEN LEAVES

— BY —

Eloise A. Skimings

GODERICH, ONTARIO.

— ❧ —

STAR BOOK AND JOB PRINT

1890

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Floise A. Skindings

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INTRODUCTION.

LIKE whisperings from soul to soul may these GOLDEN LEAVES inspire my readers, as I have been inspired, to acts of benevolence, to a study of our beautiful English language, to keep it pure and unsullied, and to acts of kindness, no matter in what sphere of life we are placed.

Trusting my many readers may agree with H. R. H. Princess Louise in styling my poems "graceful poetry," I present GOLDEN LEAVES to a music loving and poetical public.

ELOISE A. SKIMINGS,
Composer of "National March," etc.

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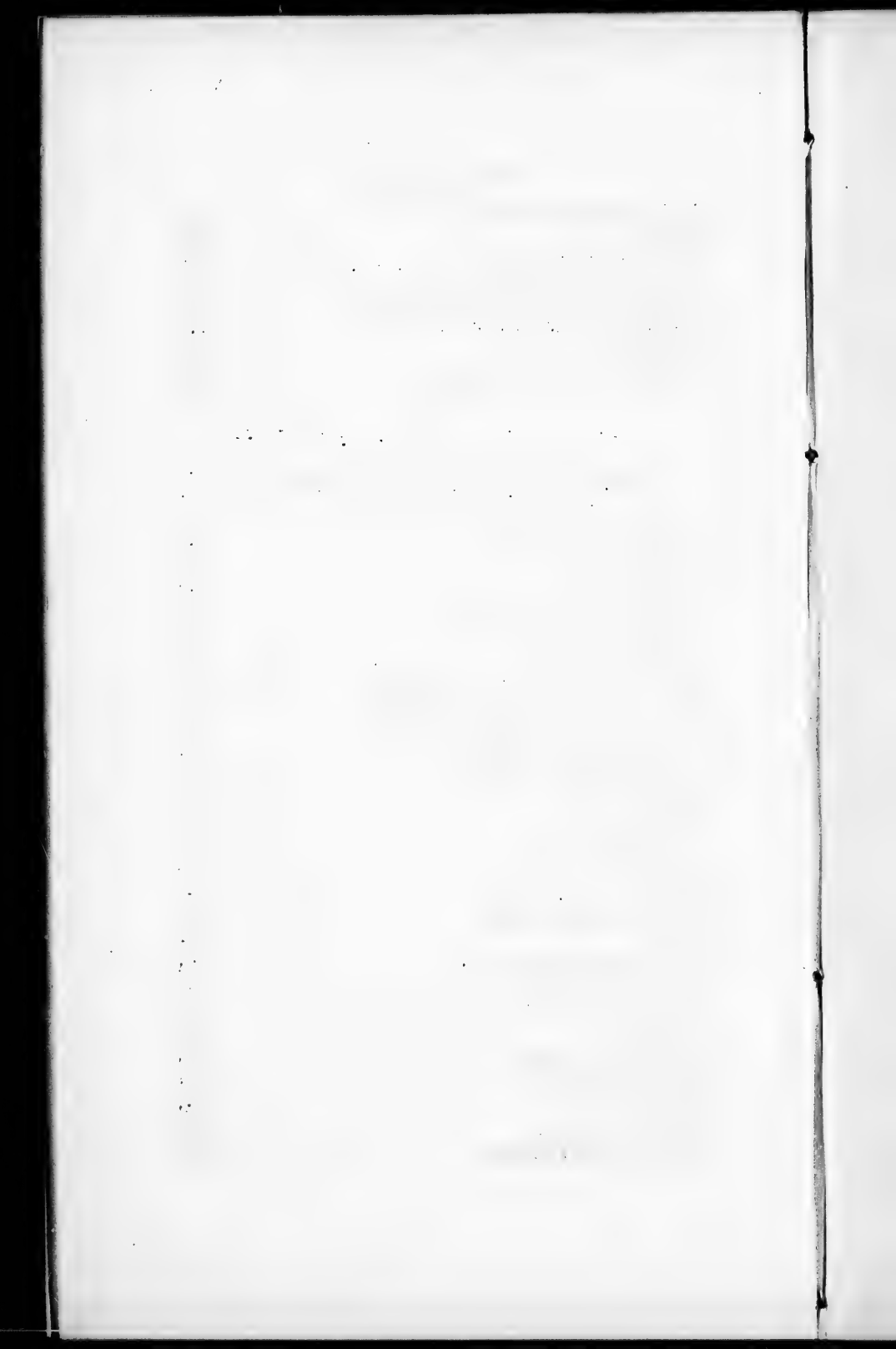
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Poems.

BABY.

Rosy dimpled cheeks and chin
Has our baby.
How it loves our smiles to win,
Pretty baby.
Laughs loud when our pet bird sings,
Does our baby,
And clasps its hands, chubby things,
Sweetest baby.
Tries to walk across the way,
Clever baby.
Kisses its hands, when we say,
"Good bye, baby."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Happy thoughts—how little they cost,
Yet are they pearls of value rare
To those who on life's sea are tossed,
Whose earthly lot is hard to bear.

Happy they who know their power,
Know the goodness that from them springs,
Hope 'gain conquests every hour,
And from High its blessing brings.

Happy thoughts, like the April sun,
Melting away the winter snows;
And when life's happy goal is won,
Grand among thorns appears the rose.

IMPROMPTU.

IMPROMPTU.

To W. McB.

From thee one souvenir I crave,
 Your picture my album to grace,
 And I should give mine in return,
 But this sonnet must take its place.

I must only in mem'ry live,
 A picture my beauty would mar;
 And should time my features efface,
 Think of me wherever you are.

Think of me, and never forget
 The pleasure our friendship oft gave;
 For few can sail o'er life's rough sea
 Without some rude billows to brave.

Then forget me not, but cherish
 The thought that I wish still for thee
 Long life, and health, and wealth, to keep
 Thy soul from worldly sorrows free.

Thou hast entered the gate of knowledge
 And roamed amid beauties there;
 Which to thy mind more precious are
 Than jewels surpassingly fair.

 IMPROMPTU.

On reading "Lines" by FATHER RYAN, the Poet of the South.

Drop a tear for the Bard, a pœan of praise,
 An offering from the heart, to the poet priest whose lays
 Hold our souls spell bound with his Heaven inspired pen;
 Wreathe the laurel round his brow, illustrious of men.

Drop a tear for the Bard, who eschews all praise and fame;
 Who humbly asks for tears, to immortalize his name.
 May his name by generations be upheld with love
 After his spirit takes its flight, to Heavenly realms above.

IN MEMORIAM.

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IN MEMORIAM.

Lines written by request, and respectfully dedicated to the
mother of HERRERT INGRAM SAVAGE, drowned, age 18.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life"
Are the words of the Lord our God ;
Then christian mother—christian wife,
Humbly bow 'neath the chastening rod.

Thy dark eyed boy, thy hope and pride,
Is safe in thy good Father's care ;
The angry wave, the ebbing tide,
Have no power to enter there.

Then let him rest, thy first born son,
Dash the tears from thy weeping eyes ;
God knows best, His will be done,
Who overrules both earth and skies.

WILLIE STEWART.

The storms may rage on thy hillside home,
Albeit their wild mirth thou dost not fear ;
But thy parents' hearts will joyless be
As the Maitland's banks thou loved'st so dear.

Long will they mourn thee, child of their love,
Earth's gladness ever wreathed thy sun-lit face ;
In glory now this New Year, thy soul
Has triumphed over earth's valiant race.

In the mem'ry of thy friends thou'lt live,
Thy comrades, who the tree of knowledge guard,
All loved thee for thy bright, happy smiles,
A smile that lifted the soul heavenward.

I write these loving words that they may
Ever fill thy loving brother with zeal
To follow in thy steps ; that the Lord
A soldier of Christ his life will seal.

CHILDREN OF MARY.
CHILDREN OF MARY.

Children of Mary, happy band,
Blossoms of virtue rare ;
Were ye in the spirit land?
Thy faces wear no care—

But modesty, most precious gem,
Illumines ev'ry face ;
Ah me ! what mortal could endure
This monument of grāce.

Children of Mary—be sincere,
Let no vain thoughts arise,
But daily, with our Mother dear,
Praise Him who rules the skies.

Praise Him who formed thee of the dust,
Praise him who rules thy soul ;
And in our blessed Mother trust
She will your hearts control.

And with the blessed Bernard sing,
(That saint who homage paid)
“None have ever found Thee wanting
Who have called upon thy aid.”

IN MEMORIAM.

MISS ADELAIDE LORRAINE WATSON.

Gone is thy loved one to that land of beauty
Where the immortals bloom divinely fair ;
Where innocence blossoms with love and duty,
Brought by earth's pearls so rich and rare.

Thy darling has pass'd thro' the beautiful gates
To the fair golden City of Rest ;
With her angelic robes she patiently waits
For those whom she lov'd on earth the best.

LINES,

Inscribed to the sisters of the late MISS JANE McMANON.

The Reaper Death ne'er tires,
A true, faithful servant
Of a loving Master ;
And she, thy lov'd sister,
Has op'd the golden gates,
Has entered the portal,
Has trod her Master's steps,
Ne'er faltering by the way
The " via crucis "—trod
By all whom God creates,
E'en from the beginning
To the resurrection.
Then faint not, ye sisters,
Let her soul rest in peace,
Her soul that feared not death,
That loved the Lord her God—
And now from earth's pain is free,
She wears an angelic crown,
Type of immortality
To hearts bow'd down.

LINES

Written by request, and respectfully inscribed to
MR. and MRS. L. ELLIOTT.

Thy boy is safe—no pain, nor grief,
No woe that cannot find relief,
Can reach his soul. No parting tear
To shed, no worldly strife to fear,
But peace—a holy peace—a calm
Unknown to mortals, the heavenly balm
That death alone can bring to those
Who are found pure, whose life o'erflows
With God's holy grace. Like a vine
Round thy heart did its tendrils twine
Until the truth shone out. The flow'r
Was only lent to earth's fair bower
To bloom in Heaven, to pray for thee
That joy be thine, in eternity.

IMPROMPTU.
IMPROMPTU.

Come gentle muse, thy light diffuse
However dim, I'll not refuse
Assistance from thine inspired pen,
Real type of genius among men.
Leave on this page a souvenir
E'en if it valueless appear
Sil vous plait,—que vouley vous me dire.

Methinks the sailor's love of home
Contentment mars, when billows foam,
In storm or calm tho' 'tis the same,
Not e'en an ardent love for fame,
Triumphs o'er it. Borne on the breeze
O'er Huron's breast, or southern seas,
Sounding above the ocean's roar,
Home, home, sweet home, till life is o'er.

THY WILL BE DONE.

A mother weeping stands
O'er the casket of her son ;
Meekly, with folded hands,
She whispers "Thy will be done."

She kissed the calm cold brow,
And smoothed the soft fair hair ;
" 'Tis hard to lose thee now,
Thy will be done," her prayer.

What words from human tongue
In this the hour of weeping ;
And her fond heart so wrung,
Its pulses wildly leaping.

O God, our Sovereign Lord,
Comfort her who trusts in thee ;
Strengthen her with Thy word,
" Ye that are laden come to me."

THE LORD HE GUIDETH ME.

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And may she ever know
That peace to mortals given ;
" Thy will be done below,
As it is done in Heaven."

THE LORD HE GUIDETH ME.

To a Friend.

O my heart is light
And my songs are bright,
My voice is full of glee.
No dark cloud of care
My heart can ensnare—
The Lord He guideth me.

The vesper bell peals,
My heart joyous feels
At its sweet minstrelsy.
While I list, these notes
On the light air floats,
The Lord He guideth me.

Then with lasting love
I will look above
In all humility ;
In notes of sweet song
Sing the whole day long.
The Lord He guideth me.

O my heart is light
And my songs are bright,
My voice is full of glee.
No dark cloud of care
My heart can ensnare,
The Lord He guideth me.

TO SLOANE MARTIN.
TO SLOANE MARTIN,

Who has lain for years on his couch.

Little martyr, how patient art thou,
Always a smile on thy face and brow ;
The Savior has spared thee, to know His love,
That when health is thine, His might you'll prove.

LINES

Affectionately inscribed to CAPT. and MRS. A. E. MCGREGOR,
on the death of their infant son, Clifton Playfair.

Thy babe in its blooming beauty,
Unfolding new love each hour,
Was too pure and too sweet to leave
In earth's decaying bower.

He has gone where no sorrow yet
Has entered the golden gate ;
And with joy, among the angels,
The lov'd ones he will await.

Love's anchor now will hold the chain
Among the angelic band ;
The bonny blue eyes will greet the
In that far off beauteous land.

TO MR. AND MRS. STRAITON,

On the death of their beloved Allie. "He giveth His beloved sleep."

So sweetly the breezes play
Above thy darling Allie's breast ;
The song birds nestle 'mong the leaves
Disturbing not her new found rest.

Sweet, gentle Allie, too fair for earth,
O, why should thy fond parents weep ?
Thou hast enter'd thro' the pearly gates
Where He giveth his lov'd sleep.

"SED LIBERA NOS A'MALO."

9

"SED LIBERA NOS A MALO."

Deliver us, O Lord, each day
From ev'ry ill that comes our way ;
Teach us submission to thy will
And with piety our hearts fill.

Deliver us from sordid strife
To which the human heart is rife.
Teach us to obey Thy command
To lend sorrow a helping hand.

Teach us to curb all vain desire,
And to holier things aspire ;
Deliver us from greed of gain,
And from scoffing at others' pain.

Teach us all angry thoughts to chase,
That we may conquer in the race ;
Our helmet be, Thy divine word,
Deliver us from evil, Lord.

MARGUERITE.

In Memoriam, D. B. HODGE.

Kind friend, O bear awhile the warfare of this life,
Now a widowed mother—once a happy wife ;
Thy loving husband needs not now thy tender care,
In a world of glory he waits thy coming there.

His works were works of love, in our Canadian land ;
His words were words of truth, on India's coral strand ;
But now his labor's o'er, his sands of life have pass'd,
And sorrow o'er his happy home its clouds have cast.

But rejoice, widow'd mother, be happy I pray,
Love will surround thee and illumine the way ;
When the snow flakes fall upon his new made grave
Remember his bravery, and be thou brave.

EDNA.

EDNA.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. C. HARRISON, on the death of their infant daughter, Edna May.

The pretty, tiny, dimpled hands,
Are closed on earth for aye ;
The ruby lips and pearly teeth
Are covered with the clay.

But Edna's tiny human soul,
That looked from eyes of blue,
Has entered now the heav'nly goal,
And beams with love on you.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines affectionately inscribed to Mrs. J. C. McIntosh, on the death of her children.

Child of Mary, be strong, the angel of death
Came but at the voice of thy God ;
Thy bright little darlings escaped sin's breath ;
God loves thee, pass under the rod.

Thou'rt nearer Heaven now than yester eve,
The gates have been open'd for thee ;
To draw thee to him, the chain to weave
That leads to immortality.

IN MEMORIAM.

Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. EDWARD SHANNON, on the death of her husband.

Tenderly they laid him down to rest
With his strong hands clasped above his breast,
His hands that so faithfully thine have press'd.

But 'tis better so ; life's cares are o'er,
He will wait for thee, on the other shore,
When thy children can spare thee—not before.

RESURREXIT SICUT DIXIT.
RESURREXIT SICUT DIXIT.

11

EASTER, 1885.

The April sun is shining,
The world is bathed in light,
For Christ to-day is risen
In majesty and might—
"Resurrexit sicut dixit."

Christians rejoice—let your lives
Like spring flow'rs fragrant be;
Do unto others as ye would
That they should do to thee—
"Resurrexit sicut dixit."

Let peace and love away your hearts,
That God's blessing may fall
On this fair Canadian land,
The home of bliss for all—
"Resurrexit sicut dixit."

HYMN.

To Thee, O God, to thee,
Be praise forever given;
Look down with love on me,
And raise my soul to Heaven.

Be Thou my guide and stay,
My hope when sorrows come;
To all who watch and pray
Thou'lt give a Heavenly home.

Then cease, O aching heart,
And throb no more with pain;
Ne'er from thy God depart,
A crown in Heaven thou'lt gain.

NATIONAL HYMN.
NATIONAL HYMN.

O Lord our God, who rules above,
Accept our earthly works of love
And fill our souls with faith to prove
Thy Majesty.
Let the Gospel's seed take root and bloom,
And flowers of faith expel the gloom,
For Christ has risen from the tomb
In Majesty.

Let ev'ry tongue Thy praise proclaim,
Let ev'ry knee bow at Thy name,
For Jesus Thou art still the same
In Majesty.
The heavens with Thy name shall ring,
And countless angels endless sing,
We'll live with Thee, our Lord and King,
In Majesty.

SEPTEMBER.

To Charles Mitchell, Esq., "Free Press," Ottawa.

The summer breezes play among the autumn leaves,
All nature seems more gay, and Flora garlands weaves.

The peach with glowing cheek crimsoning in the sun;
And golden pippen meek, Eve's work has just begun.

The fruit she gathers in, a basket by her stands;
Adam helps—her smile to win, that smile a price demands.

The dahlia's dazzling head rivals the sunflow'r grand;
September takes the lead, gorgeous hues her wand.

The astor's modest bloom, and clust'ring mignonette
With delicate perfume, by far the sweetest yet.

Creamy blooming tea rose and amaryllis rare;
The flaming gladiola grows, a flow'r without compare.

September, we crown thee, loveliest month of all!
The ripen'd fruit we see heralds the Master's call.

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."
"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

13

THOS. WYATT, killed at G. T. R. Station.

Died at his post in the early morn,
Valiant and strong—a soldier born;
Shirk'd not life's hardships, of sterling worth,
Faithful and true, at his fireside hearth.

God knoweth all things—God is all love,
Let us always look to Him above;
He will reward thee, He bore the cross
Which shews us all earthly things are dross.

Faithful unto death, the engineer's call,
Sure as the cannon, sends death to all,
But will in glory, when Christ comes again,
Call him to his ranks, on the Heavenly plain.

RESURGAM.

Respectfully dedicated to MRS. PATRICK McDONALD.

Child of Mary, O do not weep,
Christ giveth his beloved sleep;
From this glorious Easter morn,
Although thy heart with grief was torn,
Thy husband's voice on High was borne
To the angelic shore.

First ye mourned, when the Angel Death
O'er your lov'd blossom drew his breath;
A blossom, yet the bud was dear,
And now the heart which gave you cheer,
Which bade you wipe away the tear,
Has only gone before.

"Thy will be done," the Christian's prayer,
Safe within His sheltering care;
Strengthen'd by His heavenly grace,
The great Redeemer of your race,
Our hope, our comfort, and solace
Now and forever more.

MEET ME IN HEAVEN.

Lines respectfully dedicated to MRS. JAMEISON REID on the death of her daughter Belle (Mrs. White), May 3, 1886.

"Meet me in Heaven," how cheering the last words
Of the child bride, thy daughter, so sweet and so pure.
Her husband will weep, but the grief at thy bosom
Will each May time be more than thy soul can endure.

Blossoming May, may her memory be fragrant
In the hearts of her friends, who saw the rose fade
Day by day from her cheeks, tho' her eyes kept their
brightness,
Till her pure soul went to Him, who all things has
made.

Pure, innocent wife, her love was devotion,
Truth ever dwelt on her lips and shone in her eyes;
So God will reward her, and may all who loved her
Be ready to meet her when our Lord says "Arise."

"I AM HAPPY."

Last words of the late NEIL DOUGLAS MOORE, of Strathroy, who died at London, Ontario.

"I am happy." Yes, my darling,
Tho' our hearts are bowed with grief;
God has placed thee 'mong His angels
To grant thy wearied soul relief.

"I am happy." Yes—the halo
Always shone around thy brow;
And thine eyes of heavenly azure
Beamed with love on us below.

"I am happy." Mother, father,
Sister, brother, weep not so;
For the God of glory calls me.
"I am happy,"—I must go.

IN MEMORIAM.
IN MEMORIAM.

PEARL TRULL.

My pearl, my darling is gone,
With her lovely eyes of jet ;
I lov'd her so fondly, too,
Her memory clings to me yet.

I cannot forget her, though
She was but a stranger's child.
I loved her innocent joy,
Like a young gazelle so wild.

She is happy, precious pearl,
In the circlet of gems above ;
No storm to chill her fond heart
In her home of heavenly love.

AWAKE UNTO RIGHTEOUSNESS.

In memoriam of the late MRS. ANDREW BECK, of Saltford, who
died, esteemed by all, 14th July, 1884.

Awake unto righteousness,
Not idly dreaming ;
A loving wife and mother
With hope's rays streaming
From eyes, whose modest beauty
Told of the soul within,
Told of the faith and homage
That kept her free from sin.

Mourn not—her prayer was heard
That her daughter's face
A woman's soul would illumine
With a heaven born grace ;
So weep not, christian friends,
With flowers deck her grave,
To bloom among the grasses
While o'er her tomb they wave.

MAY DUNLOP.

Thine eyes are like twin stars in the heavens above,
 Twinkling so merrily, with their light of love ;
 Thy face like the angels', so pure and sweet,
 Budding into beauty, unclouded by deceit.

Thy locks of waving hair are like the raven's wing
 To thy parents' hearts much happiness wilt thou bring,
 A merry, merry maiden mayst thou always be ;
 May thy voice always carol in its innocent glee.

 LINES

In memoriam, dedicated to MRS. E. J. COPELAND, on the death
 of her son, at Los Angeles, Cal.

How I miss thee, my first born, my well beloved son,
 And I'll try on bended knees to say, " Thy will be
 done,"

Every morn and night, until my race on earth is run—
 God knoweth best.

The birds are caroling gaily, o'er thy new made grave ;
 Sweet flow'rs are shedding their fragrance o'er thy heart
 so brave ;

'Mong the trees the breezes play, as if thy love they
 crave,

While thou'rt at rest.

Thou art happy in thy home by the golden river.
 Pouring forth thy praises to the Heavenly Giver
 Of celestial and terrestrial joy, who sends Death's quiver
 To mortal breast.

There we will meet again, to dwell in rapturous joy
 With Cherubim and Seraphim, will sing, my dearest
 boy,

Where no stain of sin, or tarnish of earth's alloy,
 Can mar thy crest.

PHILOMENE.
PHILOMENE.

I thank you for your baby's gift—
Her portrait and her flowers—
On this Feast of Corpus Christi,
When Dame-Nature fills her bowers

With sweet buds of rarest beauty,
June roses and lilies white,
Crimson tipp'd daisies—Burns' lov'd flow'rs,
My passion and fond delight.

May your babe advance in beauty,
May her life no sorrow know ;
And may her maidenhood be crown'd
With the joys of earth below.

Written on presenting Miss Blossom Roberts with a copy of
my "Forget Me Not" Waltz.

Dear Blossom, thou'rt well named, I trow,
For thy face is bright and fair ;
Thy dark eyes shine
With light divine,
Madonna-like is thy hair.

Music will wake to life thy soul,
And soon will we hear thy name ;
A brilliant star
Thou'lt shine afar
On the treasur'd Book of Fame.

To thee this pretty waltz I give,
Which I named "Forget Me Not" ;
Its strains are sweet
For pretty feet,
It will charm some one I wot.

ELEGY.

(To an Old Friend.)

Many years have pass'd since they laid thee down
 to rest,
 True child of Erin, thou didst love that land the
 best ;
 Thou wert loving and kind in my childhood's
 early days,
 I prize thy mem'ry yet—thou art worthy of all
 praise.

Thy daughters, too, have joined thee, in the spirit
 land,
 How oft they pray'd around thy knee, a happy
 band ;
 But had they liv'd they ne'er could mourn thee
 more than I,
 Yet I hope with thee they're happy, praising the
 Most High.

ELEGY.—MRS. E. MOORE.

Credo in Unum Deum.

While St. Peter's choir was singing
 On came the Angel of Death,
 And while the Angelus bell was ringing
 A mother drew her last breath.

Faithful she lived—faithful she died,
 A loving mother and wife ;
 Faithful to her Lord crucified,
 Adoring Him all her life.

She has gone from a world of care
 To the Sacred Heart of Love,
 A glorious crown she will wear
 In the Father's home above.

LONG WILL YE MOURN.
LONG WILL YE MOURN.

Dedicated to the family of the late Mrs. ARCHIE DICKSON.

Long will ye mourn your sweet mother's care,
Long will ye listen to her oft repeated prayer,
"Thy will be done on earth, O Lord, even unto me.
Thou art my Guide—my all—I will place my hope in
Thee.

"Heaven will be my home, and from the eternal shore
My voice will echo back the love to you I bore;
Help each other day by day, with a loving hand,
And be ready all to meet me in the better land.

"A few short years have roll'd along—death knocks
at thy door,
Again art thou bereaved, thou'rt sadder than before;
Thy fond father whom I lov'd has left thee—God is thy
guide.
He will ne'er forsake the children of the Bridegroom and
bride."

ELEGY.

Beatus vir qui timet Dominum.—MATTHEW J. LEONARD.

Oh! why did God send his angel Death
To thy home of comfort and peace?
Thou wert good and true, an earthly saint
And now thou'rt gone where sorrows cease.

To the suffering thou didst give joy,
To the weary thou didst give rest;
And in thy heart faith ruled supreme,
Life's ever beatific guest.

And she to whom thy fond love was given,
Mourns thee at noon and eventide;
For thee will she pray, while life doth last,
Thy ever-faithful widow'd bride.

MRS. FANNY ARMSTRONG.
MRS. FANNY ARMSTRONG,

(Florist.)

Like thy flowers that bloom
In spring time,
Erst the frost has said good-bye,
In thy prime
Wert thou stricken—thou didst lie
Nearing the silent tomb.

The June roses crowned thee
With their wealth,
And the lilies bade thee rise
In good health ;
And now each floweret vies
In Te Deums with me.

TO A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

Loving, kind and gentle,
Happy mother and wife ;
May sorrow's darkened cloud
Ne'er enshroud thy life.

May thy friendship ever
Be true and sincere ;
And if thy helping hand
Some sad heart can cheer,

Let thy love like sunshine
Illumine their path,
And God will reward thee
For love of those He hath,

Who go about doing
Good to those in pain,
Kind acts to whom will be
Sunshine after rain.

Then may God spare thee long,
Thy noble husband, too ;
May thy son have talents
That are given to few.

SURSUM CORDA.
SURSUM CORDA.

Lines respectfully dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. FRANK
LAWRENCE on the death of their little daughter, GRACIE.

Lift up your hearts to the Most High,
To your olive branch beyond the sky—
To the decree, all men must die,
Must ye fond parents bow.
For now ye know your chain of love
Has one pure link in Heaven above,
A link—your greatest treasure trove,
Your angel Gracie now.

For thee her angel voice will ring,
And to your hearts God's grace will bring,
That now with her God's praise you'll sing
Until you meet above.
Weep not—courage—her pain is o'er,
Safe in Christ's arms for evermore,
Safe anchor'd on the Heavenly shore
With the Father of Love.

STANZAS TO LORD CECIL.

Huron welcomes thee, Cecil, Albion's saint,
Thy banner will float o'er the hearts of the faint ;
Thy banner unfurl'd bears the crescent of truth,
Life's harvest in old age, from seed sown in youth.

Thrice welcome, Lord Cecil, in hut and in hall,
Thy mind is a diamond, superior to all ;
The mines of Golconda yield nothing so bright
As the Gospel of Him who turns darkness to light.

A poet's pen traces this tribute to one
Who lives only to praise the Eternal Son,
Whose jewels are crosses, whose sword is The
Word,
Whose crown is the helmet of Jesus our Lord.

RUBY.

Inscribed to MR. and MRS. JOHN W. EDWARDS.

When flowers were in their budding beauty,
With fragrance so pure and sweet,
Thy flow'r, thy babe, was taken to bloom
In Heav'n at the Saviour's feet.

Her love for thee will ne'er decay,
Tho' her infant lips are mute ;
In Heaven she sings with the angels
To the sounds of harp and lute.

A ruby in the heavenly crown,
'Twill shine among diamonds bright ;
Its rays will ever o'ershadow thee
And lead thee with heav'nly light.

MISS MYRTIE IRENE JOHNSTON.

On her birthday, Oct., 1887.

" Friday's child is loving and giving,"
So saith this album wise ;
Then, Myrtie, the Father of Heaven
Will guide thy loving eyes,

To things of beauty, which fill the soul
With the grandeur above,
And tunc thy innocent childish voice
To trill sweet notes of love.

TO LENA.

'Thou hast a face, Lena, a princess might envy,
On thy cheeks blossom the roses,
'Thy coral red lips whisper of Love's happiness,
In thy presence joy reposes.

Ever may thy hand be given to succor the needy,
May thy voice chase all care away,
May the blessings of Heaven descend on thee daily,
With the sun's effulgent ray.

ASPERGES ME DOMINE.

ASPERGES ME DOMINE.

GEORGE CARROLL, of St. Peter's choir, Goderich, who died in California in 1888.

Far, far from those who love thee,
In a strange land,
Didst thou leave this world of pain
At thy God's command.

But thou didst see the beauties
Of that golden shore ;
To fit thee for the treasures
Won by those before.

And with them now you're singing
Hosannas soft and sweet ;
For " Not ashamed of Jesus,"
Oft our ears did greet.

In the holy Christmas time,
Or on Easter day,
Didst thou fill St. Peter's choir
With jubilant lay.

" Adeste Fidelis " soon
Will float thro' the air —
Grand tune, humbly sung by thee,
Now a crown you wear.

 IN MEMORIAM.

Lines affectionately inscribed to the sorrowing family of the late Mr. John Luby, who died 22nd Aug., 1886.

Thy father has gone to the land of rest,
On his grave shines the August sun,
A molten sea of gold, a fitting crest
For the Christian prize he has won.
Requiescat in pace.

Weep not ; his spirit rejoices above,
Earth's battles for him have no care,
But ye, for whom he cherish'd untold love,
Daily breathe for his soul this pray'r,
Requiescat in pace.

A LOVE TOKEN.

To MRS. LAMPREY, on the death of her son Robert.

Just before midnight came the summons,
" Christ wants thee for His angelic band,
For hast thou faithfully done thy work,
Come now with me to the better land."

Why should we weep when the rose is pulled?
If left it would die upon the tree;
We want its fragrance, and break the stem,
So God took him from earth and thee.

Weep not; he's safe on the golden shore;
Temptation cannot sully his heart.
Weep not; Christ will thy wounded soul heal
And to thee his great blessings impart.

IN MEMORIAM.

Respectfully inscribed to the friends in Jesus of the late Rev.
CHARLES McMANUS, who died in his parish at Windsor,
beloved by his people. " Thou art a priest forever accord-
ing to the order of Melchisedec."

Tired and weary, like the martyrs of old,
Day by day didst thou draw souls to the fold;
On thy heart's banner these names are enrolled,
Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

Before God's altar, a High Priest wert thou,
Humbly kneeling, teaching mankind to bow
To the glorious light that beams on thee now,
Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

Like the minstrel boy, thy harp is at rest;
Its sacred chords ever filled thy pure breast
With these hallowed names, thy heavenly crest,
Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

GRANDPA.

GRANDPA.

DOUGAL MOORE, Esq.

With wavy locks of silv'ry white,
 With soul as pure as morning light,
 With voice as sweet as bird on wing;
 May heav'n to him new blessings bring.

May many days to him be giv'n,
 That he may lead more souls to heav'n,
 And be a joy to those on earth,
 To those who owe to him their birth.

And when death seals his mortal eyes,
 With his lov'd ones in Paradise
 He'll praise his God in endless song,
 For now his faith is firm and strong.

 IN MEMORIAM.

Lines respectfully inscribed to MRS. ROBERT WILSON, Maple street, on the death of her alopst daughter, Mary Wilson, aged 13 years and 10 months.

When thy husband's kind eyes were closed
 To all that he cherished on earth,
 Thy Mary, like a bud of hope,
 Cheer'd thy heart with innocent mirth.

The beautifully moulded hands
 Were busied in love's acts for thee;
 The gentle voice on earth is hush'd
 Which once trill'd in innocent glee.

But no sorrow can pierce her heart;
 She has gone to the world above;
 Like Seraph, her spirit has flown
 To the shores of eternal love.

ALBUM VERSES.
ALBUM VERSES.

27

TO CARRIE SMITH.

Like the lillies of the valley, Carrie,
That grace this album of thine,
May thy young life be pure and sweet, Carrie,
And truth from thy dark eyes shine.

Like the fern that keeps its beauty, Carrie,
Preserved from the sun's strong light ;
May the great love of the Savior, Carrie,
Keep you lovely in His sight.

GOD KNOWETH BEST.

Lines respectfully dedicated to MRS. WM. SMITH, on the death
of her husband, the late W. Smith, Engineer.

In peace let him rest
In the mercy of his God,
Whilst thou fearest the chastening rod,
Whilst thou wepest o'er the sod,
God knoweth best.

In peace let him rest ;
His life on earth is run.
His earthly task is done.
Thou's golden crown is won ;
God knoweth best.

In peace let him rest ;
The Brotherhood will mourn,
Thy heart with grief is torn ;
He's safe beyond the bourne,
God knoweth best.

In peace let him rest :
In blissful realms above,
The home of Heavenly love,
He sees the treasure trove,
God knoweth best.

THY MOTHER.

THY MOTHER.

Respectfully dedicated to the family of the late MRS. JAMES
SAUNDERS, who died, June 17th, 1884, beloved by all who
knew her.

Thy sainted mother has found rest
Upon her Savior's loving breast

She has only gone before.

Her pain has ceas'd, her spirit's free,

Her joy is for eternity

Upon the heavenly shore.

Her faith was strong, her love sincere;

Her children, to her heart, more dear

Than gold from Afric's sands.

Her voice so sweet, in praise oft heard,

Her life so pure, God's holy word

Her well obey'd command.

"I will not forsake thee," she said

To lov'd ones 'round her dying bed,

"Nor leave thee," firm in truth,

Firm in salvation's holy name,

To love her God, her highest aim,

The God she lov'd in youth.

Weep not, lov'd ones, God in Heaven

Knew her earthly love was given

To him; her time had come,

Her strength had gone, her spirit cried

To be with the lamb, the Crucified,

Her earthly race was run.

TO ROSA.

A wish.

May Cupid's arrows in thy breast

Ensure a calm, eternal rest;

A chaplet of roses may he lay

At thy feet, ev'ry summer day.

TO MISS ANNIE DOYLE.
TO MISS ANNIE DOYLE.

29

(CHURCH STREET.)

Annie so true,
Thine eyes of blue,
And hair of tinted gold ;
Thy gentle face,
And air of grace,
Fresh from Nature's mould.

Forget me not,
Where'er thy lot
On life's broad sea be cast ;
May no rude wind
Disturb thy mind,
Or chill thee with its blast.

And Annie, dear,
Thy parents cheer
With loving words and kind,
And God will bless
With loveliness
Thy body, soul and mind.

TO MR. AND MRS. J. SHEPHERD.

(On the death of their little daughter.)

Sweet blossoming flow'ret,
Of tender mould,
More precious to thee
Than gems or gold ;
Thy sweet earthly treasure,
Now in the fold
Of the Lamb.

Lay her 'mid the flow'rs,
Fragrant and bright,
Emblems of the glory
Before her sight,
In the beautiful land
The saints delight,
With the Lamb.

THE ROSARY OF PEARLS.

THE ROSARY OF PEARLS.

Lines to my cousin, Mrs. M. J. Leonard, on receiving
from her a gift of a Rosary of Pearls.

This Rosary of priceless pearls.
So precious to me ;
Like fragrance from the summer flow'rs
That grow beside the sea.
Where sea-weed and the coral dwell
Beneath the dark blue wave ;
And where some treasure seeker may
Have found a watery grave.

May Heaven bless this gift of pearls
To purify my soul ;
And spotless as a lily keep,
While seasons onward roll.
And may new graces from it spring,
That to my pen be given ;
A ray of light, for ev'ry eye
To lead souls on to heav'n.

For language is a priceless gem,
Its rays are like the sun ;
And he who keeps it like these pearls
A crown above has won—
A crown no tarnish can destroy,
A crown no king can wear.
Unless his soul is free from stain
Like jewels, rich and rare.

And now when I my beads will say :
"Our Father who art in Heav'n,"
I'll not forget thee, Lilly dear,
Who to me these beads are giv'n.
And when I say ten Hail Mary's
I'll ask our Mother dear
To beg her Son to send thee wealth,
And a happy, bright New Year.

FRAGMENT.

Impromptu lines written on receiving the poem
"Rosary of Pearls," by Eloisa A. Skimings, re-
ceiver of my gift.

The gift so poor, when it was given,
How rich it has become ;
With prayer to her the sinless one,
And glory to the Son.
The pearls beneath the ocean wave,
Send upward with the spray
Their praise of her—the star who shines
To light the trackless way.

And when a heart of purest gold
Uplifts itself for me,
O Mother Mary—deign to hear,
You know I trust in thee ;
And backward send to her so good
A blessing from thy shrine ;
With rays of light to guide her feet
Unto that home divine.

LILLIE LEONARD, Rochester, N. Y.

MAUD S.

Dear merrie Maud, thy priz'd flowers,
Sweet emblems of purity are ;
May thy young life, like sunny hours,
No sorrow have power to mar.

The sure "return of happiness"
Thy lillies of the valley say ;
In this life's dreary wilderness
We find God's love alway.

Dear merrie Maud, thy lov'd flowers
Yesters'en bedeck'd a young bride's breast,
Plucked for the bridal from their bow'rs,
"In after years" most fondly prest.

TO MRS. P. SALLOWS.

ODE.

Inscribed to Mrs. R. SALLOWS.

The winter moon, with p'acid smile,
 Looks down upon earth and sea ;
 And at our feet,
 Like magic sweet,
 Is the branch of every tree
 Etched on the snow with artistic touch,
 Outskilling the painter's pow'r ;
 While high above,
 This light of love.
 Falls alike on tree and tow'r.
 What love divine has God for man,
 When He guards him night and day !
 While this we trace,
 For Adam's race
 Sun and moon have shone alway.
 O'er forest, o'er desert, o'er plain,
 O'er mountain, valley and sea,
 Thy heavenly light,
 So clear and bright,
 Will shine to eternity.

CARRIE AND KATE.

Two merry maidens ;
 The light of their home,
 Innocent mirth flows
 Wherever they roam.

Always together
 At study or play ;
 Radiant as the stars,
 Happy girls are they.

May life's shadows ne'er
 Fall upon their hearts ;
 May love's sun join them closer
 With his golden darts.

Lines respectfully inscribed to the members of the
Silver Cornet Band, on the loss of their much
beloved leader,

JOHN DUCKHAM, ESQ.

Weep not for your leader, he was anxious to join
The angelic band above ;
His last moments on earth were devotedly spent
In pray'r to the God of Love.

Weep not for your leader when you march by his
side
To his last resting place on earth ;
Let the clarion's notes trill with unrestrained joy,
Rejoice at his spirit's new birth.

LINES

Inscribed to the little children who made their first
communion at St. Peter's, on Sunday, June 27, 1890.

"COME YE LITTLE CHILDREN UNTO ME."

"Come ye little children unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of Heaven ;"
Such were the words of our Divine Lord,
Such dear ones the command he has given.

Dear little soldiers of Christ you'll be,
With wreaths and breast-knots of virginal
white,
When ye kneel at the altar God's glory
Will surround ye, in a halo of light.

Be brave, little ones, and be pure of heart,
For God loveth innocence, such as thine ;
Daily ask Him your past sins to forgive,
"Yea," He will say, "ye are children of
mine."

TO GERTIE S.

TO GERTIE S.

Gems of starry blue, seem thine eyes,
 Ever thy love, I'll highly prize ;
 Refrain from idleness alway,
 Try hard to study every day ;
 Implore God's blessing, Gertie dear,
 Ever your parent's hearts to cheer.

IDA.

Soon will the wreath and bridal veil
 Encircle thy queenly brow ;
 Thy modest and angelic face
 Tells of sincere love I know.

Thy voice that trills the Father's praise
 Has charmed a fair stranger's heart ;
 And I perchance must lose thee too ;
 Alas ! Ida—must we part.

May loving hands clasp thine alway,
 May sunny smiles, love's heavenly ray,
 Be thine forever and for aye—
 Loved Ida.

TO MISS FRANCES HINCKS.

Fair as a flower
 Is thy sweet young face,
 Like a liquid stream
 Doth thy blue eyes gleam,
 Robing thee with grace.

May you bloom thro' life
 Like a lily pure ;
 May your talents rare
 Be nurtured with care,
 God's love to ensure.

TO JESSIE.

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TO JESSIE.

Like a rosebud opening in spring
Thy name is soft and sweet ;
Filling the heart with rapturous throbs
When thou art by.

Like the dew on the morning flowers
Before the sun's rays fall,
Love and friendship hover around us
When thou art nigh.

Faith is written on thy noble brow,
Firm as the Pyramids ;
Thy sweet voice trills in rapturous chords
To the Most High.

TO VERA.

Sunshine surrounds thee,
Pride of your home ;
Happy as the birds
'Neath heaven's dome.

May your life be spent
In doing good,
If God spares you, Vera,
To womanhood.

TO HELENA REID.

Thou art kind, Helena, kind and fair ;
A coronet might grace thy hair.
Thy love of home shines from thine eyes,
The love of truth thy lips do prize.
Aim at perfection, 'tis the best part ;
Love your Creator with all your heart.

TO WILLIE SHEEHAN.
TO WILLIE SHEEHAN.

On receiving his portrait.

Your face is lovely, Willie,
But not too good to serve
Before God's holy altar,
From which wish you'll not swerve.

'Tis a good resolve, Willie,
To heal the wounded soul.
For sin's rude billows, Willie,
Like lofty mountains roll.

So, Willie, pray ev'ry morning,
And at evening's tide ;
That you will be spar'd to preach
The Lord Jesus crucified.

TO KATE.

(MRS. W. RHYNAS.)

Faithful to a mother's love,
Nobly hast thou filled her place ;
Trouble never banished hope
From thy youthful, smiling face.

Kate, mayst thou in future
Have no grief nor pain to bear ;
May thy chosen friend protect thee,
And with thee his blessings share.

PHŒBE.

Purest love flows from thy soul,
Happiness dwells in thy heart ;
Other friends can I enroll,
Each to me love's joys impart.
But I love thee best of all.
E'er thy friendship I recall.

MAMIE.

There's a little maiden I love to meet,
With flaxen curls so trim and neat,
With eyes so blue, I always love to greet
Mamie.

She's bright as a star in the azuro sky ;
Her voice is sweet as a lullaby ;
She always goes to school without a sigh ;
Mamie.

She's budding into beauty most rare ;
Her cheek its crimson with the rose might share ;
Her beauty will soon be without compare ;
Mamie.

BERTHA BAIN.

Sing the praise of Christ the King,
Sing His praises all day long ;
Let the air with anthems ring,
Tune thy voice to sacred song.

Thou art modest as a violet.
Bertha Bain, dear Bertha Bain ;
Ever may you happy be,
In your heart may Jesus reign.

LAURA POTTER.

Dainty little Laura
With rosebud mouth ;
Daughter of a soldier
From the sunny south.

Thou art his pride, Laura,
With thine e'en of blue,
Life's cares to him are naught
Whilst thou art true.

EMMA HALL.

EMMA HALL.

So like a fairy,
 Thy face like the lily's white ;
 With step so airy
 And eyes like the stars at night.

Thy father's treasure,
 Busy as the honey bee ;
 Love without measure
 In his fond heart, is for

Long may'st thou be left
 To gild the home with earth's joy ;
 Love—the golden web,
 Virtue—woof, without alloy.

TO LIZZIE.

Like a seraph thy voice floats on the air,
 In my memory thou hast of love a share ;
 Zephers might envy its whispering tone,
 Zephers at play, when the hot day is done.
 Think of thy voice when cool breezes play
 Elflike and sweet to me—it seems alway.

Beauty in thy paintings too I discover.
 A woodland scene of maple trees and clover ;
 Yellow pansies, and purple ones, too I see,
 Looking as bright as nature wishes them to be ;
 Every day of thine is lent thee to improve,
 Yet only to make thee feel that God is love.

JENNIE.

Ilka laddie feels thy pow'r,
 For bonny is thy e'en ;
 Thy winsome face
 Will deck wi' grace
 The hame o' which thou'rt queen.

TO MISS LIZZIE LOGAN.
TO MISS LIZZIE LOGAN.

89

Lizzie, thine heart is light,
Then keep it so ;
Drive sorrow from your heart
Where'er you go.

Be a friend good and true,
To those you love ;
O'er their path blossoms strew,
To bloom above

In the crown for God's own
Who trust in him ;
And reap what he has sown,
Like Seraphim.

Keep thou before the mast
On life's rude sea ;
Love's pilot rules the blast
For you and me.

CORA.

I know a pretty glade
Where the honeysuckle grows ;
I know a pretty maid,
As pretty as a rose ;
She swings beneath the trees
Arch'd o'er her wavy brown hair ;
Butterflies on the breeze
Seem to flutter round her there.

Her home is by the lake.
Where she sees its dancing wave.
And where the breezes make
Her for its pleasures crave.
And now when winter throws
A gloom o'er lake and hill,
Her face with pleasure glows,
Not fearing winter's chill.

TO MISS ELLEN DONAGH.
TO MISS ELLEN DONAGH.

Ever mayst thou happy be,
Life holds precious gifts for thee ;
E'en if now a shadow lay
Around thy heart—'twould pass away.
Ne'er forget the friend you leave
On Huron's shore, and believe
Regretfully I part from thee.
Yours very sincerely.

TO MY GODCHILDREN,

(FANNIE, FLORRIE AND GEORGE.)

May you walk in Virtue's path,
Where knowledge and modesty dwell ;
May you love honor and truth
That in beauty you may excel.

In beauty of mind and heart,
Hurling back earth's dross temptation,
And nobly sacrifice self
On the altar of humiliation.

TO THE MISSES SALKELD,

(MARY AND MARTHA.)

Sweet flow'rs of humility, your parents, I trow,
Prize highly your true goodness of heart, I know ;
Like daisies bright your hazel eyes sparkle and
gleam,
Then like those modest flow'rs—happy maidens
always seem.

Martha and Mary—thy names such blessings
suggest
For those who safely lie on their Redeemer's
breast ;
Yes, dear Mary and Martha, your Jesus adore,
Like those good sisters of old, who have gone
before.

TO COUSIN ANNA.

(MRS. JOSEPH SKINNER.)

Dear Cousin,—I'll write you a letter
For want of something to do much better.
It's raining so hard I cannot go out
To get some news to write you about.
I wish I could talk to you, now and then,
'Twould be so much nicer than using my pen ;
But, dear cousin, that pleasure, you see,
Is, and has been, denied you and me.
But "long roads have a turning," they say,
If one has the patience to wait each day.
Like me in a dream I had last night
Of the American shore, which came in sight,
A mirage so lovely it haunts me yet.
And its beauty I never will forget.
I've stood oft on our banks, in waking hours,
To watch the mirage, after heavy showers,
But I've never seen it save in my dream,
Which to you most ridiculous will seem.
But dreams make me happy, many a time,
When annoyance and cares oft combine
To keep me at home, so I travel by dream
And visit Ireland and Rome without any steam.

MAY BIRD.

Dear little Mabel, thou'rt like the flowers
That bloom in the month of May ;
Like the birds that warble their happiness
This beautiful month of May.

Your grandmamma loves the flowers, Maybird,
That bloom in this month of May ;
But thou art the loveliest of them all
This beautiful month of May.

Sing, little Maybird, dance round the May pole.
Be happy this month of May ;
My own birth-month, like thine, Maybird,
This beautiful month of May.

TO ALICE.

TO ALICE.

I'm thinking of thee, Alice, as you wander'd long ago,
 With your lovely smiling face, and your heart as pure
 as snow;
 Love's tender light beam'd from thine eyes, thou wert
 thy father's pride;
 A beauteous modest maiden, whom death claimed for
 his bride.

How oft you watched with pleasure true, for sails on
 Huron's breast,
 How oft you pick'd up sea-shells, which its playful
 waves caress'd;
 How oft you picked the flow'rets, which on ev'ry hill-
 side bloom,
 And now thou'rt lying, Alice, in the cold and silent
 tomb.

But not alone, dear Alice, thou art with thy Mother dear
 In the home above the skies, where no parting can you
 fear;
 Thou art happy now, dear Alice, nor crown, nor golden
 store
 Could tempt thee to thy home again, by Huron's love-
 ly shore.

TO MRS. M. BLACK,

On receiving from her on St. Patrick's day, 1837, a
 beautiful silver napkin ring with a shamrock
 spray engraved thereon.

How beautiful the shamrock traced on this napkin ring,
 If St. Patrick were here, 'twould most surely make him
 sing.

This lovely silver gift makes my heart with rapture turn
 To Erin's lovely loughs, to its mountains and its burn.

Thy eyes like Irish diamonds, shine with a happy light;
 Thy voice is full of kindness, for those who act aright;
 Thy hands are ever doing good, in some act of love,
 To those who are not bless'd as thee, with gifts from
 Heaven above.

LINES

Affectionately inscribed to the Misses Gertie Doyle
and Carrie Shannon on presenting the Rt. Rev.
John Walsh, Bishop of London, at St. Peter's,
with a beautiful bouquet and wreath of Shamrock
leaves, Goderich, Ont., 12th Dec., 1898, Confirma-
tion Day.

Dear little maidens, thy gifts are like incense
To our belov'd Bishop's heart;
For well doth he know that innocence and love
Their fragrance to him impart.

With thy lovely flow'rs and shamrock leaves so green,
Emblems of our holy faith;
When St. Patrick in his hand a shamrock held,
"The Godhead in One" he saith.

Then wreath thy green shamrocks 'round our Bishop's
brow,
All honor to his pure name;
May he be exalted, while upon this earth,
Drawing souls to Christ, his aim.

KARL.

List to the whispering breezes,
"We love thee, Karl," they say;
The birds that fly from bough to bough,
The dove that coos so soft and low,
The humming bird that fears no foe,
"We love thee, Karl," they say.

Thy voice is sweet as nightingale's,
That sings its roundelay;
Thy face a Reubens would admire,
Thine eyes his artist brush inspire,
The poet praise thee on his lyre,
"We love thee, Karl," they say.

TO FANNIE.
TO FANNIE.

(MRS. W. D. ALEXANDER, Niagara Falls,) on writing in
her album on her wedding eve.

Dear Fannie, in turning these pages o'er,
I note the charm'd name Alexander,
Who now, beside being a prophet true,
Will soon be your gallant commander.

He writes, " Happy will be the little man ; "
Yea, thrice happy, I trust, he will be,
With the rays of love's sunshine, dear Fannie.
Which forever will encompass thee.

MAGGIE CAMERON.

Can I forget thy playful wiles ?
Maggie Cameron,
Thy mouth enwreathed with sweetest smiles,
Maggie Cameron.

Thy hand outstretch'd in friendship true,
Sweet flow'rs of kindness dost thou strew,
Thy life is pure as ev'ning dew,
Maggie Cameron.

MISS NETTIE CRABB.

Nettie, youthful Queen of Song,
Innocent, joyous and bright ;
Tune thy voice ever to Him;
For in song doth He delight.

Cherubim and Seraphim
Fill Heaven with their sweet song ;
And the birds with tuneful voice
Sing His praises all day long.

Thank Him, Nettie, morn and night,
For this sweet gift from above ;
May you win laurels, Nettie,
While praising the God of Love.

A REVERIE.

As I wander'd by the roadside
One glorious autumn eve,
I dwelt upon the beauties of the scene ;
Above, the clouds, like mountains,
Which later fell in fountains,
Sailed in majesty o'er Huron's sea of green.

At my feet a bed of mint grew wild,
With blossoms sweet like heather,
And stooping pick'd a tiny, fragrant spray.
I thought of all God's love and care,
To paint the fields with verdure rare,
And deck the humble mint in blossoming array.

O guiding hand that paints the fields,
Gild the autumn of our lives
With heavenly rays which from thy hand proceeds,
That all our works will in Thy sight
Appear too Thee as blossoms bright,
Wafting sweetest perfume to where thy glory
leads.

TO MISS MINNIE STRACHAN.

On writing in her autograph album.

If Willie chose the last page, yet
I will choose the first ;
And like fragrant mignonette,
Or a rose just burst,
May our memory be as sweet
In thy loving heart ;
May thy mind be a retreat
For music and art ;
May thy home with love abound,
May Innocence reign,
That purest joy may be found,
All pleasure—no pain.

GERALDINE.

GERALDINE.

Thou art a friend, Geraldine,
 Thy face with goodness glows,
 And from thy true, loyal heart
 Sincere affection flows.

Thou wert a happy maiden
 In thy fond parents' home ;
 And now with thy kind consort
 In happiness thou'lt roam.

Where'er thy lot may be cast
 No sorrow wilt thou know ;
 If earthly love can guard thee
 Thou wilt be blest, I trow.

And if my prayers can bring thee,
 And thy two handsome boys,
 Other blessings from above,
 Then may thy heart rejoice.

TO MISS MABEL HYDE,

Hamilton.

Thine eyes are of blue, of truth they tell,
 Of truth, heaven's own priceless gem.
 Thy heart, whose chords of love excel
 The harp's sweet strains ; love's diadem
 Thine eyes so blue,
 So fond, so true.

"Home, sweet home," is the chords they love,
 Home on earth and in heaven above.

TO LYNN.

MRS. W. A. MOORE, Lucknow.

To deck thee for thy bridal, on this thy wedding day,
 I bring you, with my best love, this beautiful boquet.
 Altho' it's a stormy, wintry morn., the flow'rs are as gay
 As they'd be in the spring time, in merrie, merrie May.

IN MEMORIAM.

IN MEMORIAM.

Written by request, and respectfully inscribed to
 Mrs. DONALD FRASER, Gibbons street, Goderich,
 on the death of her eldest child, Sydney.

" Abide with me," my Sydney,
 While my task seems hard to bear ;
 Hard to know that on this earth
 I'll never see thee more, ne'er
 See thy smile at my return,
 Nor hear thy fresh young voice in
 Accents fraught with filial love.
 But we will meet again, meet
 To part no more, in the world
 Of heavenly rest, of promise
 Of eternal joy. The Vine,
 The living Branch, whose tendrils
 Take root in the heart alone,
 Knew that our love was earthly,
 That our hearts clung to our child.
 And now we, with humble trust
 In God's goodness, in his word,
 " Come to me all ye that are
 Laden, and I will refresh ye,"
 We will join in the anthem,
 " Abide with me."

TO MRS. MALCOLM NICHOLSON.

In Memoriam.

Thy treasure was taken,
 God has willed it so,
 To draw thy heart to Heav'n
 From earthly things below.

Thy angel babe no more
 Earth's pains will ever feel ;
 So place thy trust in Christ,
 To His affliction kneel.

TO MONSIGNOR BRUYERE.
TO MONSIGNOR BRUYERE,

On his last visit to St. Peters, Goderich, Dec., 1887.

Thy life floweth on like a shining river,
Clear as it's depths is thy soul ;
May thy works take root and bring forth good fruit.
That Mary's daughters may reach the goal.
Like these flow'rs when the winter frosts have come,
To rob them of their heaven-born beauty,
Thy reverend face with sweet air of grace,
Sheds over us the perfume of duty.

TO SIRYI.

Music and its sister song
Hovers 'round thee all day long ;
Modesty, with regal grace,
Ever adorns thy sweet face.

TO MONA.

Thy soft cheeks are like blush roses,
Mavourneen ;
A smile in thine eye reposes,
Mavourneen.
Thou art pretty and witty,
For the poor thou hast pity
Fill'd with generosity,
Mavourneen.

I hope fortune will favor thee,
Mavourneen,
And no sorrow assail thee,
Mavourneen,
For to thee God has given
A chain by angels riven,
Which will lead thee to heaven,
Mavourneen.

TO ALLIE.

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TO ALLIE.

MRS. FRED. FRIDHAM.

A Happy New Year to you, Allie,
Life has bright days for thee in store ;
Like stars thine eyes shine and dance with glee,
In joy may they sparkle evermore.
E'en thy sweet voice has for me a charm,
Singing sweetly like nightingale ;
May no pow'r assail thee, fraught with harm,
E'en for a moment thy cheek to pale.
Allie, if long days to thee are given,
Try to love all, and keep the chain riven
Here on earth, and forever in heaven.

TO LIZZIE.

Trust thou in the Lord, Holy is His name ;
When life's shadows cross thy path let thy aim
Be to look on High, then will they depart
And the sunshine of gladness fill thy heart.

Thou hast done thy duty in thy own home,
Glory awaits thee in the world to come ;
Rejoice and be glad, thy care is all o'er,
God the Father is with thee evermore.

Thou wilt return, bright as the evening star,
Where now darkness reigns, hope's rays seem afar ;
But soon they'll encircle thee, all will be bright,
And joy, blessed joy, will be thine morn and night.

TO A FRIEND,

On presenting me with a honey comb.

May the honey that flows from these waxen cells
Be sweet like the mem'ry thou hast for me ;
And may thy life flow like chimes of magic bells,
And mayst thou many years of happiness see.

BABY PEARL.

BABY PEARL.

Baby Pearl is lovely, Baby Pearl is good,
 Face as white as snowflake, in her pretty hood ;
 Threat'ning to go to Angel land, but I hope
 In the land of Womanhood her eyes will ope.

Smiling sweet and pretty, when her hand you take ;
 I love her pretty ways for her mother's sake.
 Like a daisy white when the spring time has come,
 Ever may she bloom, until God calls her home.

 TO MISS HULDAH WHITELEY,

Only daughter of the editor of the News-Record, Clinton.

Bright are thine eyes, like lamps they shine,
 Fountains of purity divine,
 Whose liquid depths betray a mine
 Of virtue rare.

Then, Huldah dear, keep pure and true
 And heaven will always smile on you,
 For modesty is heaven's dew
 Without compare.

 AMY.

Lines on receiving a basket of apples in December.

Thy cheeks like the apples,
 Are red as a June rose ;
 Thy eyes are like a fawn's
 And black as any sloe's. •

Would I were an artist,
 For Diana I'd take
 Thy graceful form and features
 Her fam'd portrait to make ;

Or for bright young Hebe,
 Crown'd amid her flowers,
 With June's crimson roses
 Pulled from Eden's bowers.

TO A CALLA LILY.

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TO A CALLA LILY.

Inscribed to REV. DR. and MRS. URE, on seeing a calla
lily in their conservatory, 5th March, 1885.

How graceful how stately, how fair
Art thou in thy rare purity ;
No flower with thee can compare,
So grand thy virginal beauty.

Tho' storms around thee fiercely rage,
Or the snowflakes so softly fall,
Yet art thou pride of host and page,
An emblem of welcome to all.

Yet not alone, thy noble leaves
Like soldiers stand guard around thee,
And with their love Paul's motto weaves,
Christ's tribute—Faith, Hope, Charity.

ADELAIDE.

We parted in a storm,
Tho' 'twas the Sabbath eve ;
A storm of sleet, not words,
Which seal'd our taking leave.

We ne'er may meet again.
Thou' sunshine follows storm ;
Yet ne'er will I forget
Adelaide's face and form.

VIDA BELL.

Vessel of love, Vida Bell,
Vessel of truth, I know well.
Coy little maid, Vida Bell,
Could I thy future foretell
I'd make thee happy and gay
As birds on this summer day.

TO LITTLE FRED.

TO LITTLE FRED.

Inscribed to Mrs. Wilson Salkeld.

Who could not love thee, little Fred ?
 Who could not love thy curly head ?
 Who could not love thy lisping voice ?
 Thy bright eyes make my heart rejoice.

Bright as diamonds, Fred, are thine eyes,
 Blue as the summer's sunny skies ;
 If Heav'n spares you to manhood, Fred,
 Proud will the maid be whom you'll wed.

TO MRS. GEORGE H. PARSONS.

Thy friendship like magic is nectar to me,
 Distilled from the fountains of love ;
 May thy life a garden of beauty be,
 In the beautiful land above.

TO FANNIE BELL.

How I love to look at thy velvet eyes,
 Whose admirer lives under sunny skies ;
 Thy voice low and sweet like a cooing dove,
 Tells the faith that must in him thou dost love.

FOUR LEAF'D CLOVER.

Inscribed to Miss Emma McPherson on Poplar Hill.

How many times, dear Emma,
 Have you wander'd o'er the meadow,
 To pick the four leaf'd clover.
 All for me, all for me.

How many times, dear Emma,
 Have you prayed for good luck for me,
 And pick'd the four leaf'd clover,
 All for me, all for me,

Can I ever, dear Emma,
 Forget your pretty meadow,
 Where grows the four leaf'd clover,
 All for me, all for me.

TO OLIVER WHITELY.
TO OLIVER WHITELY.

A mother's last request.

"Where is my wandering boy tonight,"
A mother's last request,
That her boy should correctly play
That beautiful, melodious lay,
To song—a grand bequest.

One month later that fond mother lay
Upon her dying bed ;
"No earthly pow'r can save her now,
Death's seal is on both lips and brow,"
Her kind physician said.

Her musician boy I hope will be
Inspired with lofty pride,
For music sweet, Heaven's chain of love,
Twixt our souls and the choirs above,
His soul's unerring guide.

TO HAYDEN.

Like thy namesake, Hayden, thou must be
A musician of high degree ;
Thy clustering curls and faultless brow,
On thee regal dignity bestow.
Never be vain—be noble and just,
Remember, Hayden, thou art but dust.

TO ISIE.

I'll remember thee ever, Isie dear,
Sweet daughter of industry, may no tear
Adown thy cheeks roll, but may roses bright
Bloom there for aye ; and may love's holy light
Ever beam from thine eye some heart to cheer,
Living but for thy love, true and sincere.
Low and soft is thy voice, like music sweet,
As nightingale in her sylvan retreat.

TO ANNIE.

TO ANNIE,

(MRS. J. ELLIOTT.)

I love to hear thy rich young voice
 When raised to give th' Almighty praise ;
 To Him it belongs—lent to thee
 To sing His sacred heavenly lays.

This gift of song, how dear to all.
 More precious far than jewels rare.
 May your pure voice a fortune prove,
 And health be given you, is my prayer.

TO SISTER STANISLAUS,

Of St. Joseph's Convent.

Thy voice, O sweet sister, the angels have lent thee
 To draw to the heavenly mansions above
 All things that are hardened with love for things
 earthly,
 And turn their hearts' offering to the God of love.

TO ELLA,

MRS. W. HALE, on her wedding day.

These bouquets to thee and thy bridesmaid,
 To thy bridegroom and groomsman too,
 Are laden with perfume, dear Ella,
 Heaven's fragrance to breathe upon you.

ESSIE.

What a pretty, sweet name is thine, Essie,
 As pretty as pretty can be ;
 And a pretty, sweet face to match, Essie,
 As blooming as roses to me.

TO MRS. MACARA.

'Tis sweet to feel friendship's warm glow,
 When sorrow's tears from sad eyes flow ;
 When hearts with wounds are pierced by care
 God bless thee friend, my earnest prayer.

KATIE McLEAN.

Child of song, sweetest Katie,
Thy voice seems ever near ;
Can thy lov'd mother, Katie,
Still whisper in thine ear.

Such loving words, dear Katie,
As from her lips did fall,
Before death claimed her, Katie,
And she obey'd the call.

Cherish her mem'ry, Katie,
Her wishes hold most dear ;
And may thy voice, dear Katie,
All hearts have power to cheer.

And ever praise God, Katie,
In your innocent glee ;
"Caller Herrin," dear Katie,
And blithe "Bonnie Dundee."

FRANCIS JOSEPH.

Thy name is high-sounding, I admit,
Emperors have worn it before thee ;
But thou mayst excel in Irish wit,
If not in grandeur of royalty.

Be true to the country of thy birth,
Be true to the good friends thou hast met ;
Be true to thy God while on this earth,
Thou'lt win a crown by thy virtues yet.

CLARA.

Clara, joyous, bright and gay,
Like a sunny summer day ;
Hair so fair and eyes so dark,
Voice as sweet as any lark.

Clara, be sincere and true,
Truth is sweet as heaven's dew ;
Love thou music, art and song,
And be winsome all day long.

LULU BOYNE.

LULU BOYNE.

Dedicated to Mrs. W. J. Smith on Lulu Boyne's first
birthday.

Like a little elf art thou,
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ;
A round cheek'd little fay,
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ;
A round cheek'd little fairy,
A laughing little fairy,
So graceful and so airy,
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne.

Why that twinkle in thine eyes ?
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ;
Roguish as a little fay.
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ;
Roguish as a little fay,
Dancing like a little fay,
Making sunshine all the day,
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne.

Little teeth of pearly white,
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne,
Peeping 'tween lips of coral,
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ;
Peeping 'tween lips of coral,
Shining 'tween lips of coral,
We'll crown thee with laurel,
Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne.

 TO LILLIE.

(Mrs. Capt. A. E. McGregor), on receiving a gift of
exquisite cards.

Love cannot bind us more truly
In golden or silken chain ;
Like friends, we'll journey together,
Love must in our bosoms remain.
I wish you a Happy New Year,
Ev'ry joy, no sorrow, no pain.

TO NAOMI.

Naomi, thou'rt a blossom rare,
A tender bud, divinely fair ;
O, mayst happiness be thy share,
My Naomi beyond compare,
I pray thy life be free from care.

TO MISS MAUDE START.

On receiving from her a boquet of lillies of the valley.

Dear little Maude, thy prized flowers
Sweet emblems of purity are ;
May thy young life, like sunny hours,
No sorrow have power to mar.

The " sure return of happiness,"
Thy lillies of the valley say ;
In this life's dreary wilderness
We find God's love alway.

Dear little Maude, thy lov'd flowers
Yestere'en bedecked a young bride's breast,
Pluck'd for the bridal, from their bow'rs,
" In after years " to be fondly press'd.

TO INA'S PET CANARIES.

Dear Dicky and Dot, how proud ye are,
To bask in the sun this autumn day ;
Ye are young yet, but ye know the fond hand
That feeds ye thro' the bars in your prison land.

Ye often hear the " Woodland Whispers,"
Played by Miss Ina's nimble fingers,
But ye sing not, tell me the reason why ?
Must ye have a teacher, or are ye shy ?

But perhaps, when the sun next year shines,
Ye will warble a loving roundelay,
Surpassing the notes of the human voice,
And make your fluttering little hearts rejoice.

LINES.

LINES

Presented to REV. DONALD MCGILLIVRAY on his leaving
Goderich, his home, for Ho-Nan, China.

Thou art going from Ontario's plains
To the land of the Rising Sun,
Over the mountains to Ho-Nan.

To the land of sweet perfume,
Wafted from the flowers that bloom
Over the mountains in Ho-Nan.

Thou art young and full of manhood's vigor ;
Thy life has been modell'd to go
Over the mountains to Ho-Nan.

The rice fields whisper to the breeze,
" God's messenger comes o'er the seas,
Over the mountains to Ho-Nan."

God's messenger with banner unfurl'd
To proudly float 'mong leaves of palm,
Over the mountains in Ho-Nan.

May the harvest of the Word
Fill the granaries of our Lord,
Over the mountains in Ho-Nan.

 STANZA, •

To R. S. Chilton, Esq., American Consul, Goderich.

A kindred spirit now greets thee
With poesy's magic pen ;
Well may thy nation admire thee,
Most honorable of men.

A poet's ardor fills thy soul,
Parental love bedecks thy brow ;
The brave old flag of stars and stripes
Floats o'er none more loved than thou.

TRIBUTE OF LOVE.
TRIBUTE OF LOVE.

59

ELLEN RALPH.

Truth governs thy actions, Ellen,
Its pure rays encompass thee ;
Meet guardian of young hearts, Ellen,
In knowledge and piety.

Science, too, makes thy bright eyes kindle
With an all-powerful flame :
May it burn still brighter, dear Ellen,
On its scroll enroll thy name.

BESSIE BEER.

When the stars shine bright in their beautiful home
And the moon casts a spell o'er thy face,
Bessie, think of the pray'rs that reach heaven's blue
dome,

For thee offer'd at the throne of grace—

That life may bring thee roses; to last for aye,
Whose fragrance will inspire thee to rise
Above the thorns of pride that bedeck life's pathway,
And a crown will gild thy sacrifice,

Which will vie with earth's gems in its beauty and
pride,

And be thine in the Kingdom above ;
Its glories earth's trials could never more efface,
For the crown would be Heaven's own love.

HALLOWE'EN.

TO MISS KATE WATSON.

Hallowe'en, what a spell in thy name,
As Burns, the immortal, portrays :
Lovers, all the world o'er, this e'en
Look for omens contain'd in his lays.
O why let the future disturb us ?
We have problems enough to solve
Every morning of life, for the morrow
Exists not, let the future dissolve
New phases which now are mysteries.

TO JENNIE.

TO JENNIE.

Jennie, fair flower of earth,
 Ever fill thy heart with mirth.
 Nothing blooms where sadness reigns,
 No fairy charms the lurking pains,
 In life's joyous, glad some glee,
 Ever then let thy spirit be.
 May those tokens of our love
 A happiness to thee prove ;
 Cherish in thy mem'ry dear
 A love for those friends sincere ;
 Reap the seed they've scattered o'er,
 As gems to crown thee evermore.

TO MISS MULLIN.

You have ask'd for "some lines," fair maiden,
 And I must fill some of the spaces :
 But the kind Muse has flown, I'm afraid,
 And has left in my brain no traces.

Your sweet face in my mind oft appears,
 With true Madonna-like purity ;
 Which ne'er will change in the after years,
 For love's rays will be shed over thee.

Then, fair maid, when old age draws apace
 And your voyage through life at its close,
 Let your works be as pure as your face,
 That your soul with its God may repose.

TO A. B.

Thy love is like the ivy
 That 'round the oak doth cling ;
 May heaven smile upon it,
 That grace from it may spring.

WEDDING BELLS.

Lines dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. John MACARA, who
were married at Hull, 25th April, 1883.

Chime, merrily chime, your silvery peal
Joins two hearts in one, with Love's mystic seal.
Chime, merrily chime, the spring time has come
With Hope's leaves and flowers to enwreath their
home.

Chime, merrily chime, the bridegroom and bride
Are youthful and pure, their fond parents' pride.
Chime, merrily chime, their future foretell,
As happy and glad as the tones of your bell.

Chime, merrily chime, and breathe as ye chime
Orisons to heaven, to be echoed thro' time;
Like sweet dulcet notes from Galilee's shore,
With Christ at your feast to remain evermore.

LINES ON THE WRECK OF THE "SIMCOE."

To MISS DOLLIE PARSONS, daughter of Capt. Parsons, one
of the survivors, Capt. Hill, Commander.

Madly rages the storm in wildest fury blind,
And all without is wintry, cold and bare;
The poor mariner bravely battles with the gale
To save his life and comrades—his first care.

The hissing waters surge around the doom'd craft,
And bid defiance to the seaman's skill;
"Lower the boats." The mandate is at once obey'd,
But he who gave it sank—brave Captain Hill.

And one by one they sink, on earth to rise no more
Until the sea gives up its hidden dead;
But five are spared, God's wondrous pow'r to feel,
Sav'd from death's cruel chain, the doom all dread.

Sav'd to the lov'd ones, whose trusting hearts were rent
With an agonizing, torturing fear,
That husband and brother might never more return
To those the seaman loves on earth so dear.

GOLDEN BLOSSOMS.

GOLDEN BLOSSOMS.

Lines written on receiving from Geo. B. Cox, Esq., of the
British Exchange, a bunch of golden blossoms from
the grave of Longfellow's Evangeline at Grand Pre, 1887.

Golden blossoms, didst thou woo
The sweet September breeze,
Where the gentle spirit lingers,
Where the lovely maiden fingers
Broke thy stems among the trees.

Golden blossoms, bloom for aye,
Where sleeps Evangeline;
Like golden stars, ye point above
Where angels weave bright chains of love,
Yet by human eyes unseen.

Golden blossoms, did the hand
Of Longfellow embalm
Thy scented petals on his page,
America's gifted poet sage,
Whose life is one grand psalm.

 LINES,

Dedicated to the daughters of the late Mrs. Frank Cassady,
of Ishpeming, Mich., U.S.

Gently they laid her to rest
By the grave of him who lov'd her in life;
There they lie, free from sorrow,
The kind loving husband, the faithful wife.

Mourn not, daughters of their love,
For they are safe on the bright golden shore;
God was their refuge, their strength,
In joy have they met, their parting is o'er.

Sweet May chimes, may ye each year
Bring a message of love from the starry skies;
And may sweet Mayflowers bloom
And birds sing o'er the grave where thy parents lie.

ONLY A VOICE.

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ONLY A VOICE.

Only a voice, as pure and clear
As a drop of pearly dew ;
Heard when the shades of evening
Darken the horizon's hue.

Only a voice, with winsome pow'r
To enrapture young and old ;
Singing songs, both joyous and grave,
With marvellous taste untold.

Only a voice, with gladsome trill,
Like the brook in yonder glade,
When it sings, pure, sweet songs of love
'Neath the maples' cooling shade.

Only a voice, like a moonbeam
Softly stealing thro' the gloom
Of some half closed curtain'd casement,
Where flowers of beauty bloom.

MARCH

The broad lakes are breaking their ice bonds,
Tho' the rivers their fetters retain,
For the sun in his transcendant beauty
Overrules King Lear's grand domain.

The sailor sighs for an early spring,
For he loves the blue crested wave ;
While dearly he loves his own happy home,
He fears not a watery grave.

So brave is the sailor, the gallant sea king,
And true as the compass, his guide ;
For he dreams not of peril nor danger
To the vessel, his hope and his pride.

Month of St. Patrick, month of the Shamrock,
Inspire thy brave sons with true zeal
For "Fair Canada's" statesmen and welfare,
And God's blessing to them reveal.

THE SHAMROCK.
THE SHAMROCK.

To Archbishop Walsh.

Is it thy name,
Or is it fame,
That sends thro' our hearts such a rapturous thrill?
The roses bloom
Lifts not from gloom
The soul, e'en tho' its beauty the eye doth fill.

The lily white,
And violet bright,
Have a fragrance both exuberant and rare,
But Faith's green leaf,
The Gospel's sheaf,
No beauteous flower can e'er with it compare.

Thou three leaf'd stem,
Faith's starry gem,
May the lands that bear thee forever enshrine
St. Patrick's name,
St. Patrick's fame,
And three persons in One, the Godhead divine.

NOVEMBER FLOWERS.

Hope amid despair, sweet flowers,
Blossoming in winter bowers,
Rare Chrysanthemums;
Purest white, and yellow too,
Fresh as if the morning dew
Had come down from Heaven on you,
Sweet Chrysanthemums.

In gold and crimson, too, ye bloom,
Fit to bedeck a monarch's room,
Grand Chrysanthemums;
Clustering in profusion wild,
Type of innocence, in winter mild,
Which by thy presence is beguil'd,
Lov'd Chrysanthemums.

TO SARA.

65

TO SARA.

To Mrs. J. McLaughlin, on leaving Goderich with her husband, the Rev. J. McLaughlin, a missionary to Vancouver.

Thou art going from us Sara,
Another's home to grace,
We'll sadly miss thy sparkling eyes,
And sweetly smiling face.

And he thy chosen one, Sara,
Has won a fitting bride,
To assist him in his labors,
Whether weal or woe betide.

Thy parents will bless thee, Sara,
Though sad 'twill be to part ;
" Whither thou goest I will go,"
Is written on thy heart.

And God will bless thee, Sara dear,
And guard thy sweet young life,
From all the cares that may assail
The missionary's wife.

TO ELEANOR BRADNEY.

Infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Megaw, Kamloops, B. C.

Sweet flow'ret, thou art fondly entwined
Around thy parents' heart ;
Thy fair little dimpled infant cheeks,
Their innocent love impart.

Like a bud in its tender beauty,
Thou'lt blossom pure and true,
With a mother's patient, faithful love,
Pure as heaven's own dew.

Then may this first Easter of thy birth
Heavenly blessings bring ;
May thy little life be spar'd by Him,
From whom all graces spring.

A WISH.

A WISH.

To Dr. J. H. Moore.

I thank thee kindly for thy heart whole wish,
That I may soon become a star,
And in the literary firmament shine,
And the scroll be seen afar.

These poems all bloom in my daily life,
No grand princely castle have I ;
No stranger am I to Death, or Life's griefs,
But the Great Physician is nigh.

In my humble cottage He guides my pen,
Where with Mozart and Moore I try
To fill the world with music and with song,
Life's most glorious melody.

And when you read these "Golden Leaves" of
mine,
You will think that sorrow is sweet ;
When it floods the soul with so grand a pow'r,
In my lov'd humble home retreat.

LINES TO MISS AGGIE DICKSON.

Thy gift I prize highly, so pretty and bright,
Of scarlet geraniums, and pink mix'd with white,
And ivy so green, 'tis a lovely boquet,
I wish it could live and be fragrant alway.

But it must perish, like the joys of this earth,
A type of the heart, void of pleasure and mirth ;
Our lives should be bright while we live, like these
flowers,
And cheer our dear friends in their sad weary hours.

A WISH.

To Rose, (Mrs. C. Cluness, Galt.)

May Cupid's arrow in thy breast
Ensure a calm eternal rest,
A chaplet of roses may he lay
At thy feet, every summer day.

TO MISS CARRIE SMITH.
TO MISS CARRIE SMITH.

Like those lillies of the valley, Carrie,
That grace this album of thine,
May thy young life be pure and sweet, Carrie,
And truth from thy dark eyes shine.

Like the fern that keeps its beauty. Carrie,
Preserved from the sun's strong light,
May the great love of the Savior, Carrie,
Keep you lovely in his sight.

TRIBUTE

To Capt. Andrews, of the Stratford Salvation Army,
after recovering from fever.

Thy barque has been rudely blown,
Death almost mark'd thee for his own,
But God hath spared thee for his Son,
To lead souls to Him.

Gird on thine armor, sound his praise,
In his service spend all thy days,
The Lord of hosts from all byways,
Lead thou souls to him.

And may He give thee strength to wield
The Gospel banner, with Christ's blood seal'd;
May thy work bear a fruitful yield,
Of sav'd souls for Him.

TO MAGGIE PROUDFOOT.

Maggie, pride of thy grandpa's heart,
Thou dost caress his loving hand;
Hourly he watch'd thy little feet
And listen'd to thy voice so sweet,
Whose infant lips his heart's flame fann'd.

GLADYS.

Happy little Gladys, love's magic crown is thine,
May life e'er keep it burnished, Gladys, cousin mine.

TO MY COUSIN MAY.
TO MY COUSIN MAY,

Toronto, on receiving from her a beautiful bouquet on the
night of the benefit concert in honor of Professor De
Peudry, 1885.

Such blossoms, dear May,
Only true love can send,
A tribute to song
Which will to my voice lend
A sweet thrill of gladness,
To sing "Waiting" to-night;
And I'll thank you sometime
For this bouquet so bright.

TO MRS. JOSEPH LOGAN.

Josie's Christmas Doll.

"Mamma, please dress iss doll,
For Santa Kaus to teep
For me, when Kismas comes,
An' when Ise fass aseep."

"Yes, Josie, I'll dress it
In this pretty lace dress
You wore in the summer,
And longer too, I guess.

"I'll make it with two puff's
Upon its pretty sleeve,
And trim it with blue bows,
For Santa Claus to leave

"In your dollie's hammock,
That hangs in yonder room;
If she looks like a bride
We'll buy a nice bridegroom.

"Now, don't tease Kyfoodle,
He'll tear the doll's lace dress,
And Santa Claus won't come
Where dogs tear clothes, I guess."

TO GEORGE G. JESSUP.

69

TO GEORGE G. JESSUP.

Of the Chicago "Inter Ocean," on receiving from him
his portrait and card of white and gold.

Gold is the type of all that is true,
Emblem of faith may it be to you ;
On your card I traced the lines of gold,
Rich edge—I trust will not grow old,
George, tarnish it not with a careless aim,
Ever let it urge you on to fame.

TO MY COUSIN TASSIE,

West Virginia, on receiving from her a golden eagle.

What a fortune in a Christmas card, Tassie dear,
A golden eagle, with its outstretch'd wings to cheer ;
All the way from where Virginia proudly waves
Her flag on old Ohio's shore, pride of her braves ;
May I this New Year pluck blossoms and leaves of
gold,
And may you ever for me true affection hold.

TO INFANT

of Mrs. DeVesey Dillon.

Little bud of tender mould,
Angels' wings doth thee enfold ;
Death on earth has closed thine eyes,
'To ope again in Paradise.

LINES

Respectfully inscribed to Mr. A. R. on his birthday, 8th
Dec., 1887.

May joys unbounded
Be for thee to-night,
When thou'rt surrounded
By the gay and bright.

May music and song
Commence thy New Year,
That thou may'st live long.
Each fond heart to cheer.

ORA PRO ME.

ORA PRO ME.

Serenade inscribed to MR. and MRS. T. GRIFFIN, of St.
Peter's Choir, Goderich.

Long mayst thy voices blend
In praising the Lord who gave them to thee ;
Long mayst thy voices blend
In one grandly solemn chord life holds for thee,
Ora pro me.

Thy voices speaks of love,
No shadow of fear e'er mars their dulcet tone ;
And in the Book above
Thy names will be written, when thy work is done,
Ora pro me.

Hosanna, hosanna ;
Every Sunday morn thy voices I hear ;
Hosanna, hosanna,
And the "Agnus Dei," so sweet and clear,
Ora pro me.

I hear St. Peter's bell,
'Tis the "Angelus" at eventide.
I love its tones so well,
And I'll pray for blessings for bridegroom and bride,
Ora pro me.

 EMILY.

In vain have I tried, dear Emily, to write
In your album, e'en a short line or two ;
Then please be content with this effort tonight,
And believe me, 'tis decidedly true.

Were I but an artist. I'd love to portray
Thy spell-bound blue eyes and bright golden
hair
And fair, proud, oval face, yet smiling alway,
But alas ! no such gift fell to my share.

Then must pencil and brush give place to the pen,
In my hand at least ; but I trust very soon
Your fair face on some artist's heart be engraven,
Which tribute to you would be the best boon.

OCTOBER.

71

OCTOBER.

The flowers are drooping one by one,
The wheat is garner'd, the work is done,
The vines are wither'd, their race is run,
October.

The waves are angry on Huron's breast,
The song birds have flown to homes of rest,
The trees in crimson and gold are drest,
October.

The summer light is waning fast,
The sultry winds become a blast,
The autumn frost a blight has cast,
October.

Let us then work for a home above,
A haven of everlasting love,
Where truth will find the treasure trove,
October.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Young Cupid awakes,
His arrows he takes,
And swiftly they fly from the bow,
And hard is the heart,
That withstands the dart
Of the rosiest rogue I know.

He quietly steals
One's heart for his meals,
And cares not how he is treated ;
If he aims in vain
He tries it again,
And never was yet defeated.

So here's to the health
Of the god of wealth,
Held within Love's golden meshes ;
Which will never rust
While Cupid we trust
With the human heart so precious.

EVENING.

EVENING.

When the autumn evening sky is blue and clear,
 And the stars like bright gems are shining,
 I think of absent friends, friends both true and dear,
 Friends I have not met for many a long year,
 Friends who often sent loving words of cheer
 When my cloud had no silver lining.

I love at dewy eve to watch the falling star,
 'Tis like a brilliant volume to me
 From the friends who have gone to the beautiful shore,
 Where the life toss'd mariner's struggle is o'er,
 Where'll be no parting for evermore
 On that side of eternity's sea.

The October moon is rising in the East
 Like a golden orb—night's autumn sun—
 To me Hope's Anchor, a royal love feast ;
 No cloud in my sky—no fears in the least,
 The joy of my heart has returned—I'm released
 From life's shadows that fell one by one.

 MAY.

How fragrant the balm laden air !
 All nature seems glad and gay ;
 The birds warble their notes of praise,
 'This glorious month of May.

The trees, flower-crowned, rejoice
 Since winter has lost his sway ;
 Emblem of the resurrection,
 This flowery month of May.

Then let us the Almighty praise,
 Who will wash our sins away,
 And clothe us with garbs of purity
 Like the trees this month of May.

ONLY A FLOWER.
ONLY A FLOWER.

78

Only a flower, on the pavement it lay,
Falling unseen from some beauteous bouquet ;
Picked up by some one, and tended with care
It blooms now as fresh as it bloomed in the air.

How little it dreamt of the fate now in store,
When lovingly pulled a few moments before ;
In yonder sick chamber it sheds perfume sweet,
And no one could know it was found in the street.

Thus with frail mortals, whose talent now is cast
Aside, and o'erlook'd by the many who have pass'd,
Till some noble mind sees a flash in the gem,
And in a hero's crown it forms a diadem.

PENTECOST—1884.

" If anyone love me
He will keep my word,"
Truths from the lips of Christ,
Our Sovereign Lord.
If we love Him ? Ah, me,
Are we in His grace ?
Are we standard bearers
In this earthly race ?

Love, the faithful loadstone
Which draws soul to soul,
Essence of power divine,
Under God's control.
Love of Christ, the pillar
To which our souls cling ;
Love of Christ, the anthem
Which the angels sing.

Love, the sinner's pardon,
The atonement true ;
In sin's night of darkness
Falls like morning dew.

WATER LILLIES.

And the worn and weary
Find a place of rest,
'Mid the storms of envy
On the Savior's breast.

Love, the soldier's watchword
On the battle field,
Of Queen, of home, and country,
God's power revealed.
"Peace I leave, peace, I give,"
Thus the Paraclete
With tongues of living fire
Descending doth greet.

WATER LILLIES.

Flowers of the deep, how grand in thy beauty,
Ever floating with pride o'er Huron's pure breast
Like cups of pure gold, luring man from his duty
And filling his mind with a heavenly rest.

Earth has no flower in her garden so royal,
So queenly and grand as this queen of the wave ;
So proudly ye look, so strong and so loyal,
The foam crest your birth place, the foam crest your
grave.

Where are ye now, when your home is frost laden ?
The ice king is gamboling free o'er your bed ;
But the sun will restore thee, as hope does the maiden
Who gathers June roses for the perfume they shed.

TO MISS PLATT,

Of London, on viewing some of her beautifully painted flowers,
lilly and holly, in an album.

This page I choose which thy hand has graced,
The type of joy and of innocence ;
Shewing thy heart on love's page is traced,
Traced by the hand of Omnipotence.

Let beautiful thoughts ever fill thy mind,
And thy soul no grief can ever know ;
And Heaven will be the haven thou'lt find,
When thy good works are finished below.

EASTER.

The clouds break—light thro' the darkness
Penetrates the gloom with its effulgence,
And from on high soft Alleluias float
Like angels' whisperings—full of hope
To the hopeless mortal, whose web of life,
Both warp and weft, are spun of sin ;
But now the God man, who died to save
And bring sinners to repentance,
Is risen to-day, as he said,
And lo, their faces are illumin'd
And their souls once more purified.
The old leaven is purg'd away
And the tarnish on their armor
Is removed—may it keep burnish'd
With constant use in God's armory,
This world, which Satan strives to rule ;
And at the final resurrection
May we all swell the grand chorus,
" Resurrexit Sicut Dixit "—" Allelulia."

SUNSET.

The sunset tints the western sky
With its mantle of gold ;
The day's work o'er, the village bell
Peals the fond tale oft told—

That the husband to his lov'd home
Returns from labor's mart ;
Returns from toil, from worldly care,
Joy flowing from his heart.

For in his home, his home of bliss,
Some lov'd one weaves the chain
Whose links are pure, a woman's love,
Without which life is vain.

O happy, happy sunset hour,
Fountain of untold love,
Gladden the hearts, when night's angel Death,
Calls them to the home above.

APRIL.

APRIL.

April, sweet April, has tears in her eyes,
 With gladness her soul overflows;
 For dear to her heart is the blue sunny skies,
 And the robins 'mong the hedgerows.

But April, thou'rt wilful, well may'st thou weep,
 Old Winter woo'd thee in vain;
 With smiles thou caress'd his storms to sleep,
 And melted his frosts to rain.

Smile on, sweet April, among thy fair flowers,
 Thy heart is pure and true;
 The frost king has return'd to his bow'rs,
 No other fair maid he'll woo.

APRIL VIOLETS.

O violets, sweet violets, ye heralds of spring,
 What fond recollections to my heart ye bring;
 So sweet is your perfume, ye whisper of hope
 When your scented blue leaves, five petall'd, ye ope.

O violets, sweet violets, waft ye to heaven
 The pure joys of life, which to mortals are giv'n;
 Speak not of the shadows which oft round us lie,
 But of the warm sunshine that comes from on high.

TWILIGHT.

The lightning flashes and the thunders roll,
 While I of lov'd ones am dreaming;
 The heavens above are cloudy and gray,
 The rain o'er earth's fair face streaming.

My heart so lonely, seems ready to break,
 But the Ruler of All is nigh;
 His voice in the tempest speaks thro' the rain,
 "I will cast from thine heart the sigh.

"For tomorrow the sun in new beauty
 Will shine o'er mountain and plain,
 And thy face will be glad with the knowledge,
 Who loves Me loves not in vain."

HARVEST TIME.
HARVEST TIME.

77

How sorrowful it is to watch
The noisy reaping machine
Parting the grain from its mother bed,
While it gracefully bent its stately head
As the breeze swept o'er the green.

The binders follow in their train
To bind the golden grain ;
And when their hard day's work is o'er
They merrily dance, as in days of yore,
To the sweet sounding violin.

How glorious the harvest moon
Peeps thro' the maple leaves.
And beams upon the merry throng
As they sing the beautiful harvest song
In the shade of the lofty trees.

GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH.

Inscribed to Rev. Father Lotz, Christmas. 1887.

The angels are fluttering their beautiful wings
O'er Jesus the Infant, the mighty King of Kings,
While on the wintry air the joyful welcome rings,
Glory be to God on High.

'Tis Christmas day, fond hearts are fill'd with emotion,
Thanking God for this hallow'd day of devotion,
While Christmas lays rejoice from ocean to ocean,
Glory be to God on high.

Sadden'd hearts rejoice, tho' tears from fond eyes
stream,
Golden hair and blue eyes, of his coming dream ;
Raven locks and black orbs, with their gladness beam,
Glory be to God on high.

Then let us all rejoice this merry Christmas day ;
Those who have gone before would now no longer
stay,
They are around the Throne, singing this joyous lay,
Glory be to God on high.

MAY FLOWERS.

MAY FLOWERS.

May flowers are shedding their beauty
 Over meadow and hill,
 And the bright, golden dandelion
 Is queen among them still.

Ever studding our path with glory.
 Where e'er we wander,
 A golden flow'r, whose modest duty
 Makes the heart grow fonder

Of this fair earth, man's home, man's kingdom,
 His to hold while life lasts.
 And like the flow'rs, this virginal May,
 Has outliv'd winter's blasts.

Blossoming May, hope's flowery banner,
 Crown thou the harvest field
 With flowers, fruit and ripe, golden wheat.
 A truly bounteous yield.

 PARODY.

Ye bangs and braids o' bonnie blondes
 How can ye look sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye friz, ye little curls,
 And ye sae mock'd and treated sair.
 Ye'll friz an mair, ye little curls
 That cluster round the foreheads high;
 Ye'll surely change your minds, my dears,
 And be persuaded smooth to lie.

Oft hae I wondered, pretty blondes,
 To see ye sae regardless feel,
 When ilka printer on ye writes,
 Sae mighty vex'd with pen o' steal.
 Now friz na mair, my bonny blondes,
 And leave your bonny foreheads free,
 Ye'll surely ease the printer's mind,
 Sae burden'd wi' cares, poor soul, is he.

OXBOWBEND.

One lovely July morning,
In company with a friend,
I wander'd o'er the meadows
Which grace the Oxbowbend.

At last we reached a grove
Where clust'ring grape vines twin'd
Around the oak and hickory,
And lofty pine combined.

We stoop'd to pick the lillies
Which o'er the grove were strewn,
And soon we had a bouquet
Of lillies and daisies in bloom.

The lovely morning glories
In wild profusion stray
Over the blackberry bushes
Which skirt the narrow way.

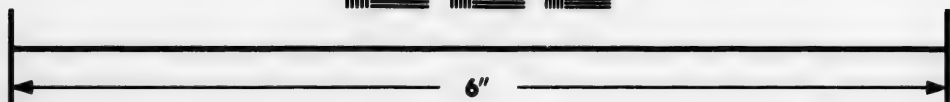
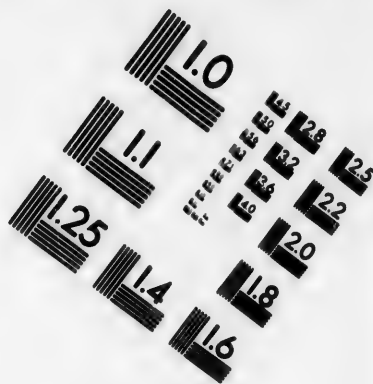
A blackbird carroll'd merrily
Upon a neighboring tree,
And pour'd forth his warbling praise
In soft ton'd melody.

The skies were blue and beautiful,
The air with fragrance fill'd;
'Twas luncheon time, well known hour
In the reaper's scythe instill'd.

My friend and I return'd to dine,
Yet could we loiter long;
For the grove possess'd such beauty
I've written it in song.

OCTOBER—1876.

Oh why dost thou come in such angry mood,
Chasing our songsters from meadow and wood;
The autumn leaves no golden beauty wear,
Or gorgeous crimsons, which should now appear.
Be not eager to feign November's wrath.
Encircling with storm the mariner's path;
Restore them calm weather, save them from death.



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SWEET SIXTEEN.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

With love for the Artist's brush
 May the muse inspire thee ;
 For art in its loveliness
 Is thy idol, Jennie.

May music, too, have pow'r
 'To charm thy youthful breast
 With its magical wand,
 Where love lies now caress'd.

Cupid with his arrow,
 Like Mars, sends Art earthward ;
 So, with Phœbus early,
 Be always on thy guard.

And if the little god
 Is bent on mischief still,
 Forget not my advice
 For fear he'll get his will ;

And then he'll get his way,
 And you may bid adieu
 To everything save love,
 And that will never do.

For sweet sixteen is early
 To load oneself with care ;
 So send Cupid's arrow
 Maitland's icy breath to share.

 FADED FLOWERS.

Faded flowers, what sad memories arise
 As we daily look on your withered leaves,
 Like the strength of gay youth we so highly prize,
 Gather'd for the garland Death silently weaves.

Faded flowers, where is all thy bright beauty ?
 Where now is the life giving perfume shed ?
 Gone, like frail mortals from the path of duty,
 Gone from the parent stem, faded, scentless, dead.

GOOD NIGHT.

How softly the words fall
 From lips we love,
 Like angel's whisperings
 From realms above,
 Like a message wafted
 By swift winged dove.

When the day's work is done
 And night comes on,
 After the sunset glory
 Has come and gone,
 The "Good Night" so loving sounds
 To dwell upon.

List to the whispering trees
 At dewy eve ;
 Songs are wafted on the breeze,
 And fairies weave
 Dreams of love o'er mortals,
 And we believe.

Oft are they Death's love seal,
 'The last "Good Night,"'
 For the dark rob'd angel
 Wafts to the light
 Of an eternal day
 Before God's sight.

 SILENCE.

"Silence is golden," Seneca spoke most truly ;
 When envy and discord are borne on the stream,
 Pour oil on the waters when the waves prove unruly,
 And joy and contentment will rule there supreme.

Bless'd are the peacemakers, tis the Lord who has
 spoken,
 For they shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven ;
 Then strew seeds of forgiveness, of silence mute token,
 And to him who requires most, let much be given.

THOUGHTS AT EVE.
THOUGHTS AT EVE.

How brightly shine the twinkling stars,
In heaven's vaulted sky ;
Teaching us God's wondrous power
That we may know thereby

That if we study to do right,
And keep from evil ways,
Our lives will be a stream of joy,
Our thoughts be thoughts of praise

To Him who came and died for us,
Our precious souls to save ;
And hourly watches over us
From the cradle to the grave.

OMNISCIENCE.

How glorious is Thy name, O God,
None know 'Thee but to praise ;
None can deny Thy wondrous power,
Inscrutable Thy ways.

And man beneath thy chastening rod
Aims at a change of heart ;
He knows the world had won His love,
The world, oft Satan's mart.

And oft the seed that Death doth sow
Like a mighty tree doth soar
(Strong as the tow'ring forest oak,
With a heart sound to the core)—

To the heavenly home above,
With branch and root from earth,
Which death had blossomed into life.
The christian's second birth.

TRIBUTE

To Judge F. W. Johnston, on presenting me with a lovely bouquet of red geraniums after singing "Jock o' Hazeldean" at a garden party at the residence of Mrs. R. B. Smith, in aid of St. George's Church.

With pen of gold, a fair bride's gift,
I'll woo the Muse, for gold she craves
And diamonds rare—but none have I,
Save Heaven's gift of poesy,
Pure as the ocean crested waves.

And now to-night, when Music reigns,
Thy lovely bouquet charms my eyes ;
Its blooming red, a type I wean
Was worn by "Jock o' Hazeldean,"
Whose song won me thy floral prize.

TO TENIE,

On her wedding day.

Mayst thou be the guiding star
Of him who woo'd thee from afar ;
And may he shine with virtues rare,
To keep thee free from worldly care.

THE TRUMPET FLOWER.

Inscribed to Mrs. Dr. McLean.

Grand in its beauty, the trumpet flower climbs
O'er trellis'd wall,
Its flame color'd blossoms, so strong and so lofty,
Charm great and small ;
Its leaves of ever-green beauty fill the heart
With beauty rare,
Welcom'd by the August sun which on them shines
With tender care.

KATE.
TO KATE.

Stately and fair,
A queen might envy thy tresses
Of red-gold hair.

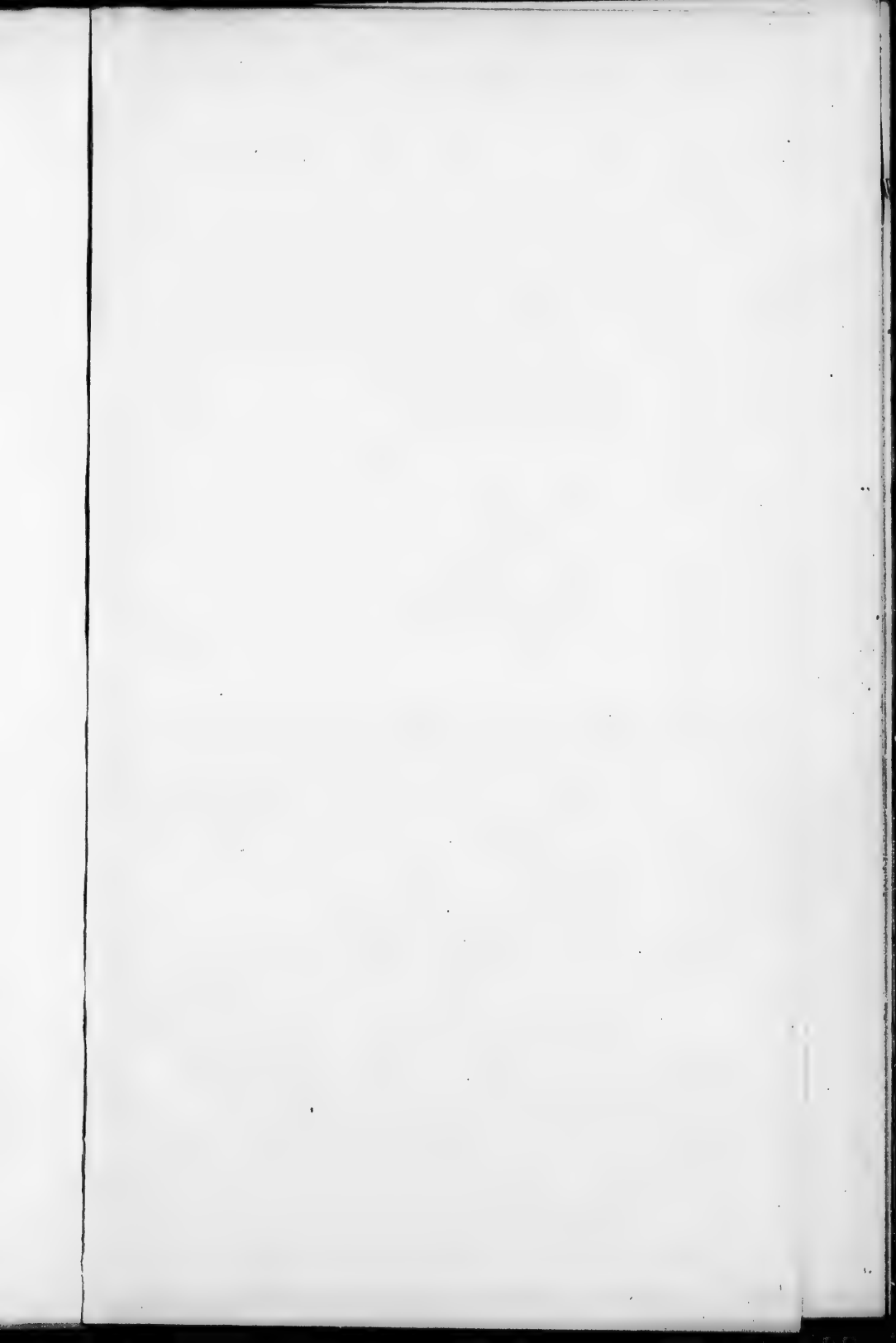
Thy modest face
Is saintly in its purity,
Type of God's grace.

Long mayst thou live
In thy fair home, that thou mayst love
And counsel give.

SEPHIE.

Were Juno here
The glint of the sunshine in thy hair
Would dazzle her goddess-born blue orbs
When thou wert by.





POEMS

BY THE LATE

LIEUT. RICHARD SKIMINGS,

OF

GODERICH GARRISON ARTILLERY.



NOTE.

The subjoined poems of the late Lieut. Richard Skimings, of the Goderich Garrison Artillery, are given to the public. He was a promising young lawyer, full of love for his profession and his beloved Canada, and during the Fenian raid took cold on duty. Having recovered sufficiently to take part in a rifle match at London, Ont., on the 5th Nov., 1867, between the regulars and volunteers, the severity of the season brought on an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, which prostrated him for that winter. In the spring of 1868 he sailed for Lima, Peru, South America, and on reaching that city the plague was raging; so he returned to his home at Goderich, much benefited by the sea trip. But later, when the autumn fruit was ripe in his garden, pulling his prized peaches, the hemorrhage again attacked him, and as soon as possible he sailed for Bermuda, in order to regain his strength. But although he could wield his pen with manly grace in poetry and prose, and kept his travels beautifully written, the hand of Death was waiting in that lovely land to chill his aspiration. He left Bermuda on the 8rd April, 1869, and died beloved by all who knew him for his honor and Christian integrity, at his home, Goderich, Ont., Canada, on 12th May, 1869. Requiescat in pace.



Poems

OF THE LATE

Lieut. R. Skimings.

TO CANADA.

I love the land that gave me birth,
 'Tho' cold her north wind blows ;
I love her ice bound winter lakes,
I claim a kinship to the flakes
 That form her virgin snows.

I've roamed in many a Southern clime
 Where orange blossoms wave ;
Where broad bananas fan the air—
Where flourishes the citron fair,
 Beside the azure wave.

I've lain beneath the myrtle shade,
 Beneath the waving palm,
Amid the oleander groves,
Where summer perfume ever roves
 With many a fragrant balm.

I've pulled the luscious fragrant pine
 And culled pomgranates fair :
The sugar-apple of the south,
And dates—those conquerors of the drouth,
 And chirimoyas rare.

I've seen beneath the crystal wave
 The coral insects' home,
Bright flowers that with the rainbow vie,
And beauteous shells that scattered lie
 Beneath the ocean's foam.

I've watched the molten tropic's sun
Go down beneath the sea,
Where Chimborazo cleaves the sky,
Ablaze with many a sunset die,
Reflected on our lea.

I've watched the ponderous sport of whales
In Southern seas at play,
I've watched the Chilian condor's flight
To tow'ring crags, where first the light
Proclaims the dawning day.

I've seen the lightning flash from eyes
Where midnight shadows lie ;
When Spain's proud daughters met my view,
With locks that mock the raven's hue,
Whose pinions cleave the sky.

Bermudas' daughters, too, I've seen,
Whose beauties Moore has sung ;
And friendship's warm right hand I've met
(I feel the tingling pulses yet)
From strangers roved among.

But ever turns my heart to thee,
My bright Canadian home !
And dearer grow thy broad blue lakes,
Thy silver streams, thy woodland brakes.
With every step I roam.

The proud magnolia's bloom I love,
The myrtle's perfumed shades ;
But oh ! how dear above them all
A single crimson leaf let fall
From Huron's maple glades.

By Huron's sounding shores I've left
My dearest friends on earth ;
May God's own mantle from above
Enfold them and the land I love—
The land that gave me birth.

TO THE RIVER MAITLAND.

O river Maitland, fringed with trees,
Mid banks stupendous to behold,
Thou flowest on from year to year
Upon thy stony bed.

The Indian o'er thy silvery crest
Sometimes prepar'd for deadly strife;
Or on more peaceful quest of game
With silence strict did glide.

The mills which grace thy tree clad banks
And turn'd by thy onrolling stream
Are pass'd by thee, unmindful all
Of man's unceasing toil.

Thy bell shap'd mouth, with waters dark,
Is refuge sure for sea birds tossed
Upon thy father's angry crest.
Which God ordain'd should be.

TO LAKE HURON.

In summer on thy placid breast
The graceful sea bird rides;
The Indian in his birch canoe
Swiftly o'er thy bosom glides.

Thy rippling waves with silvery crest
Soft murmur on the strand,
Are guided all the live long year
By God's unerring hand.

In winter winds upheave thee, once
So placid and so calm,
And raise thy waves to mountains' heights,
Once playful as a lamb.

Thy waves now wear a sombre veil,
No sun to make them bright,
For clouds have hidden him from view
And robb'd you of his light.

LINES INSCRIBED TO * * *

Forget thee ! aye, then ask the sun
 To shade its molten orb, and at
 A tangent ever rampant roam
 In devious courses, thro' all space ;
 The moon to hide her silv'ry disc
 In dim oblivion, and the stars
 To pale their lamps, o'er sea and land.
 Forget thee ! might these bid the deep
 To calm its ever throbbing breast
 And silent, like old Lethe's wave,
 To glide beyond eternity ;
 Then ask the mighty streams that roll
 With struggling waves their sinuous lengths
 Thro' hill and dale, to backward turn
 And seek their natal founts among
 The pathless hills and wastes untrod
 Save by the bear and deep tongu'd wolf.
 Yet e'en if this and more should be
 My heart should fondly breathe thy name,
 And ask in turn, " Forget me not."

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER'S DEATH.

I'm going, boys, to leave you,
 Alas ! for evermore ;
 I've one request to make you,
 And then the struggle's o'er.

Pray bear me to the field, boys,
 And lay me by the side
 Of yonder oak 'neath which, boys,
 My noble brother died.

O lay me tow'ards the South, boys,
 Upon that velvet moss,
 And round my body wrap, boys,
 The glittering Southern Cross.

There comrades I'm now happy,
 Why should I wish to stay,
 But firmly strike for freedom
 When I am called away.

CANADA.

O ! why will ye roam in foreign lands
In search of the golden store,
When the God of Canada places it
At the poor man's cottage door.

There's not in this second Paradise
Which cannot be earned by worth,
Tho' our commerce tells in other lands
Of a mighty nation's birth.

How bright looks the prospect here to those
Once crushed 'neath a tyrant's heel,
Who are proud to point to the maple leaf
With a glow of patriot zeal.

Then haste to the land of the golden sheaf,
And calm your awaken'd fears ;
We're protected here by our British Queen
And our noble volunteers.

Our name in the future standeth forth,
A sun midst the smaller lights ;
While a trump that's swell'd by a nation's voice
Bears the words, " Our God and rights."

A PLEA FOR BACHELORS.

For the " Royal Gazette," Bermuda.

Who would not be a bachelor, with no tormenting wife
To wheedle you, and cozen you and plague you all your
life ;

Who votes tobacco poison, who hates the sight of wine,
Whose heart is wholly centered in the millinery line !

Who would not be a bachelor, and ne'er be forced to go
And stare thro' all the windows of the shops upon the
row,
At ribbons mauve and violet, at bonnets large and small,
And then be made—for there's the rub—to buy one
after all !

Who would not be a bachelor, and ne'er be callen a brute
Because to cries for largess you still continue mute ;
Because you see no music in darling baby's roar,
And frown to see her pile your books upon your study
floor.

Who would not be a bachelor, and free to ask a friend
A quiet hour o'er pipe and glass, at eventide to spend,
Without being curtain-lectured by a snappish being in
white,
For sitting up to smoke and drink, through half the
blessed night !

Who would not be a bachelor, with dog upon the rug,
And kettle singing on the hob, and all serene and snug,
Without a shrill, reproachful voice to din into your ear,
" I wish you'd shut that nasty book, and talk to me, my
dear."

Who would not be a bachelor, and free to cast an eye
Upon each pretty lassie who may chance to hurry by,
Without being brought to book for, and pretty sharply.
too,
By a jealous little termagant in lavender and blue.

'Tis I who'd be a bachelor, and will be till I die,
No snow white hand will forge the chain to snap my
liberty ;
I'll flirt with all who'll let me, but when the Church
draws near,
Why then I'll make my conge, and politely disappear.

CELEBS.

Bermuda, Jan., 1869.

REPLICATION TO " A PLEA FOR BACHELORS."

For the Bermuda " Royal Gazette."

I would not be a bachelor, and live without a wife,
For he's no more than *half a man* who leads that stupid
life ;
I'd sooner marry twenty girls than go through life alone
Like that lively fossil gentleman, a toad within a stone.

I'd rather go through twenty towns, with forty shops in each,
And buy the bonnets in them all, and ribbons too, to match,
Than live a snuffy bachelor, and never know the bliss
Of a man who's got what's better than a cutty pipe to kiss.

I'd like to say in Cæleb's ear a thing he can't dispute.
You need not be a *benedict* to earn the name of "brute."
I don't believe in half he says about the baby's roar.
And it's only at a bachelor's you'll find a dirty floor.

The bachelor has airs enough, looks happy now and then,
But if you'd know just how he lives you've got to see his den,
Where pots and pans, old hats and boots, and platters
none too clean
Are collected round the cream jug, with a boot jack stuck
between.

It's here he entertains his friend, another "bach," of course,
Who scruples not at what he sees, he knows his own is worse;
They smoke their pipes, and drink their punch, and
praise that kind of life,
Though each *knows* right well (the hypocrite) he'd sooner
have a wife.

I'd like to know the good he gets by ogling the girls,
Who turn their noses up at him, and shake their saucy curls;
For *my* part I would rather have a life estate in *one*
Than be thought a *spoon* by all the girls for running
after ten.

How pleasant it must seem to him, on going home to tea,
(He *boils it in the coffee pot* to make it strong, d'ye see)
To find both fire and lamp unlit, the matches gone astray,
And his favorite cat rehearsing—with his dog—"The
Devil to Pay."

Then let him live a bachelor, and die one if he choose,
Perhaps the girl that was meant for him may not have
much to lose,
For one who'd rather hug his pipe than an angel dressed
in blue
Would make *any* girl a termagant, a veritable shrew.

HARK ! I HEAR THE SAD WIND SIGHING.

Hark ! I hear the sad wind sighing
Through the grand old forest trees ;
'Tis the voice of autumn dying,
Borne upon the wintry breeze ;
'Tis the wail of woodland flow'rets
Left by summer's breath to die
In their modest little dwellings.
'Neath the ruthless winter sky.

O'er our deep and broad Lake Huron
Comes the North King in his wrath ;
Far and wide he spreads destruction,
Like Rome's ancient foe, his path.
Neither spareth he the meadows,
Nor the lilly's drooping head,
And the lowly blue eyed violet
E'en is number'd with the dead.

Far away have flown our songsters,
To the sunny south they hie,
Each forewarn'd by the Omniscient
That the winter draweth nigh ;
But they'll come again in springtime,
When old winter melts away,
When the odor-laden breezes
From the south resume their sway.

List ! I hear the wild winds sighing
As my head they hasten o'er ;
'Tis the voice of some one dying,
Of departing Sixty-Four ;
'Tis the wail of woodland flow'rets
Left by summer's breath to die
In their modest little dwellings
'Neath the ruthless winter sky.

REVERIE OF AN INDIAN MAIDEN.

By the broad and blue Lake Huron,
Many fleeting years ago,
When the twilight shadows gather'd
And the winds were hush'd and low,
I beheld an Indian maiden
'Neath a proud old forest tree,
And the balmy breath of evening
Brought her sighing voice to me.

Round her brow was bound a chaplet
Of the simple autumn flowers
She had gather'd as she wander'd
Through the leafy forest bowers ;
And the careless flowing tresses
Of her glossy raven hair
Hid a form a queen might envy,
Tho' the dusky blood was there.

On her arms were massy circlets
Of the purest virgin gold,
While the precious wampum girdle
Of her royal kinship told.
Oft the vision stands before me
And I hear that voice again,
Sweet, tho' sadden'd, thro' the gloaming,
Like the voice of one in pain.

" Ere the paleface came amongst us
From his home beyond the sun,
Like the leaves our braves were number'd,
When the leafy month is come ;
Darken'd were the broad, blue waters
With the swift canoe of birch,
When our chief sped forth to battle
Like an eagle from his perch.

" Every tree conceal'd a hunter,
Every thicket held a deer,
And the rivers teem'd with fatness
Thro' each onward rolling year ;
Sweetly sang each forest songster
To the chieftain's dusky bride
As she wander'd in the shadows
With her lover by her side.

" When the council fires were lighted
And the calumet went round,
Words arose from ancient sachems
From the mossy cushion'd ground ;
Then the winds forgot to whisper,
And the maples, bending low,
Drank the words of wisdom spoken
By the sage old men below.

" Everywhere was joy and gladness,
And the mighty Manito
Walk'd among his brave red children,
For their hearts were good and true ;
And the whispers of the spirits
As they wander'd through the trees,
Sweetly blended with the music
Of the sighing summer breeze.

" We were lords of lake and river,
From the rising of the sun
To the broad and deep sea water.
Where his wigwam floats alone ;
But the paleface came among us
With his crooked, wiley tongue,
And his deadly firewater,
To destroy both old and young.

" And we faded like the forest
In the moon of falling leaves,
And where once our hunters tarried
Are the palefac'd brothers' sheaves.
We are strangers by the river
And the white man claims the mounds
Where our braves await the summons
To the happy hunting grounds.

" Soon my people will have vanish'd,
And their songs be heard no more,
And their light canoes lie rotten
By the silent river shore.
Like the bitter frosts of winter
When the summer sun is come,
Will the red man be forgotten
In the land he knew as home."

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

O boys, resume your dreadnaught coats,
Your gauntlets, furs and skates,
For winter comes with rapid strides
And time for no man waits.

The leaves lie wither'd on the ground,
Beneath the mother tree ;
And boisterous winds from nor'-west rage
Uncheck'd with boisterous glee.

The wild birds seek their southern homes,
And silent are our woods
Where naught was heard but merry lays
Of birds in merry moods.

Around the hearthstone blazing warm,
The pleasant tale is told,
That in the cheerful room we may
Forget the biting cold.

INSCRIBED TO R. G. AND J. C.

They're gone again for a southern sun
Their manly brows to tan ;
They're gone again, for they could not rest
While absent from the van.

They've left their homes for a soldier's life
Of toil, of strife, of pain ;
They've left their homes to endure once more
The scorching sun, and rain.

And when afar on some hard fought field
They wade thro' smoke and dust,
May prayers ascend to the Throne of Grace
For mercy from the Just.

And once again may our hearts grow warm
Our soldier friends to meet,
And once again let our hands go forth
Their honest palms to greet.

IN MEMORIAM.

R. B. REYNOLDS.

Tramp ! Tramp ! Tramp !
 And the solemn footsteps fall ;
 'Tis the speechless dirge of a comrade gone
 From an earthly trust to a Heavenly crown,
 A tribute earn'd by a heart as brave
 As e'er was claim'd by the soldier's grave.

Tramp ! Tramp ! Tramp !
 And the honor'd corpse is borne
 To its narrow house in the shrouded earth
 To repay the debt of its joyous birth,
 And leaves a blank in each manly breast
 That lingering gazes on his place of rest.

Mourn ! Mourn ! Mourn !
 For the voice now hushed in death ;
 In vain we'll look for the friendly smile
 And the harmless joke, which, free from guile,
 Was always sure to provoke the mirth
 Of all who sat at the cheerful hearth.

Sad ! Sad ! Sad !
 And lone is the widow'd heart,
 And the hot tears fall on each orphan'd head,
 For her thoughts are still with the cherish'd dead,
 And oft she'll look to the skies above
 To meet his gaze from a throne of love.

AUTUMN.

Hail, glorious autumn, fraught with fruit
 And golden leaves from high tree tops ;
 The leaves have turn'd from green to gold,
 And summer's verdure is no more ;
 Thy coat of arms more welcome is
 Than that which winter bears with it.

TO MY SISTER.

Tho' the summer winds sigh o'er this Garden of Roses,
 And never inconstantly stray from her groves,
 Tho' each hill and each valley new beauty discloses
 More bright than the last to the eye as it roves ;
 Tho' the myrtle around me its fragrance is throwing,
 As playfully o'er it the light zephyr moves,
 Yet my heart is but light, and my pulses set glowing
 By thoughts of the bright native land that it loves.

Tho' the naiads of ocean have here built their bowers
 In coralline cells 'neath the bright crystal wave,
 And the sea-shell lies hid among bright ocean flowers
 That curtain with beauty the mermaid's cave ;
 Tho' no flow'ret here dreads that a ruthless December
 Will crush the sweet life that a bright April gave.
 And tho' each cutting breath of the North I remember,
 I sigh for my home o'er the blue crested wave.

Tho' the fierce winter King of the North now assembles
 In far away caves by the grim Polar Sea
 All his veteran troopers whose wrath now resembles
 The voice of a storm o'er the frost-bitten lea ;
 Tho' his footsteps resound thro' the home of my child-
 hood,
 And wild shrieks his voice thro' each grim forest tree,
 As he scatters the bright crimson wealth of his wildwood,
 His mirth and his madness are music to me.

Bermuda, November, 1868.

THE FALL OF ALHAMBRA.

Alhambra was an almost impregnable fortress in the heart
 of Spain, taken possession of and held by the infidel Moor,
 who on occasion sallied forth into the surrounding country
 preying on the undefended Spanish peasantry, driving off
 their herds from the plains, despoiling the vineyards of
 the fruits of their labor, and retreating on the approach of
 a superior force, into their strongholds, to issue forth as
 their necessities demanded and the occasion offered.

High o'er Alhambra's frowning walls
 The Moorish standard wav'd ;
 And golden beams from L'Orient
 The Moslem crescent lav'd.

Whilst turrets grim on every side
The spear clad ramparts crown'd,
A mountain torrent seeth'd and foam'd
Their granite base around.

Within the keep, at every point
The Moorish armor shone ;
Ensanguine fell the morning rays
Each scimeter upon.

Far o'er the plains in serri'd ranks,
To crush the Infidel,
Were stretch'd the hosts of Ferdinand
And fearless Isabel.

And loud above the torrent's roar,
Throughout that vast array,
Was heard the clash of arms
Full many a weary day.

Then foot by foot the Spaniard clos'd
Alhambra's walls around,
Whilst in his armor slept each knight
Upon the bloody ground.

In vain the leagur'd garrison,
With battle axe in hand,
In midnight sallies sought to pierce
The mail-clad Christian band.

Within the walls another foe
Appear'd, 'twas Famine grim,
Who fill'd their cup of wretchedness,
And fill'd it to the brim.

Upon the shudd'ring breezes came
A wail of terror wild ;
For food the husband slew his wife,
The mother slew her child.

At length the Moorish chieftain's pride
At mercy's call gave way,
And prone besought Queen Isabel
Her royal hand to stay.

At once the noble Queen, appeas'd,
Commands the strife to cease,
And turning towards her foeman said,
" Brave Moor, depart in peace."

Wide op'd the massive brass-bound gates,
And, like a surging wave,
A mighty living tide rolled forth
From out the living grave.

With tear-fill'd eyes Queen Isabel
Gave to the Moorish band
Her guard to pass thro' watch and ward,
To reach their native land.

LINES.

'Twas a lovely summer's evening
In the leafy month of June,
And I wander'd by the Maitland
'Neath the bright refulgent moon ;
O'er my head the stars were shining
On both hill and valley green,
And transforming our red Maitland
Into belts of silver sheen.

And I questioned the river
'Bout the days of long ago,
Ere old Time had grown so feeble
And his locks had changed to snow ;
When the stalwart Indian chieftain,
With his conscious look of pride,
O'er thy murmuring ruby waters
In his birchen bark did glide.

Then arose from out the waters
As it were a wreath of mist,
And I heard a sad voice crying,
" Fleeting mortal, will you list ?
From the depth thou hast invok'd me
To unfold to you a tale,
When my brave and true red children
Were the lords of hill and dale.

" Ere the paleface came among them
With the poison on his tongue,
And his deadly fire water
To destroy both old and young
Every valley teem'd with fatness,
Every tree was full of song,
Everywhere was joy and gladness
Where unchain'd I roll'd along.

" And beneath the mighty arches
Of the maple and the ash,
Where the cool and sparkling waters
Of the Maitland used to dash,
Have I listen'd in the gloaming,
Through the calm, clear summer air,
To the wisdom of the Sachem
And the Indian maiden's pray'r.

" But the days have sadly alter'd
Since the chaste, tho' dusky bride,
Us'd to wander with her chieftain,
Hand in hand, along my side ;
And you gaze upon the ashes,
As you wander in your rounds,
Of my children, pass'd forever
To the happy hunting grounds."

As I rose and hurried homeward
There were whispers 'mong the trees
Like the soft and gentle sighing
Of a mild, warm summer breeze ;
And beyond was filled with sadness,
On my heart was placed a weight,
As I pondered in silence
O'er the Indian and his fate.

THE STORM OFF CAPE HATTERAS.

Written while rounding the Cape.

The storm king rides on the driving gale,
And his steeds are wild and free ;
His storm drawn ploughs thro' the ocean roam,
And he sows his crops on the windward foam
But reaps them on the lea.

The lightnings flash and the thunders roll,
'Tis a fearful storm at sea ;
The petrel screams in his circling flight,
And day gives place to a murky night,
With Hatteras on our lea.

Our brave ship rides o'er the mountain waves,
Tho' she groans in every knee ;
She shakes the foam from her angry prow,
Like a wild war horse she is plunging now
Thro' the heaving Alpine sea.

Whilst I'm the sport of the wild, wild waves,
Far over the ocean's foam ;
I love to think of the love that flows
To the wanderer's heart where'er he goes
From his loved Canadian home.

EPPIE.

With busy feet,
Like patt'ring rain,
She hastens on,
Uncheck'd by pain.

Soft flaxen curls,
Deep orbs of blue
That seem to mock
Heaven's azure hue.

Her dimpl'd chin,
Her dimpl'd cheek,
And ruby lips
Just taught to speak.

Hold ! pow'rless pen :
Why seek to trace
A woodnymph's form,
An angel's face.

Why seek to paint
The budding rose
In colors dim,
Obscure like those.

POEMS OF LIEUT. R. SKIMINGS.
THE DOOMED MERCHANTMAN.

At morning's dawn upon the sea
A peaceful vessel rode,
Careering o'er its heaving breast
To reach her destined port.

With tapering yards and lofty mast
She flies before the breeze,
And proudly cleaves the billows blue
With graceful curving prow.

But lo! upon the distant main
Another sail appears,
And well the fated mariners
Her deadly errand know.

Hand over hand, the pirate craft
Approaches to the doom'd,
And the sound of battle brief
Is heard upon the sea.

"Death tells no tales," the pirate cries,
"So let no man survive!"
And then the sullen plunges tell
The fate of those on board.

But lo! the pirates leave their work
And haste to trim their sails,
For coming down before the wind
A man-of-war appears.

The pirate sees that strife is vain,
And fires the magazine,
And then the crash of falling spars
Proclaims the pirate's doom.

THE THUNDER STORM.

A sultry calm the air pervades,
Forerunner of the storm ;
The forest songster seeks his nest,
The wild beast seeks his lair.

At length the gleaming lightning darts
Like Hydra's tenfold tongues,
And dreadful thunders rend the air,
Like warnings from above.

The forest streamlets, once so calm,
Soft murmuring in the shade,
Are turn'd to foaming cataracts
Which drown the tempest's voice.

But lo, the sun breaks thro' the clouds,
And birds resume their praise
To Him who sends the wild winds forth
And calms the raging waves.

TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZA NOLAN.

No more thy gentle voice we'll hear,
No more the buoyant footsteps dear,
But oft we'll think, with many a tear,
Of our belov'd Eliza.

Her silken locks, like softest down,
Her sparkling eyes of mildest brown,
Her radiant face, without a frown,
Caus'd us to love Eliza.

No more contagion's poison'd dart
Shall pierce the pure unsullied heart,
Nor shall the mem'ry e'er depart
Of our endear'd Eliza.

This tender bud of earth shall bloom
In heaven, a rose of sweet perfume ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
The angels bore Eliza.

TO POLLY.

Tripping lightly o'er the lawn,
Is it angel, nymph or fairy ?
Surely it can't mortal be,
How could mortal be so airy ?

Skipping like a sportive lamb,
Eyes so dark and hair so curly ;
Surely such a face as that
Never would or could be surly.

Graceful as the bounding fawn,
Dimpled chin, and arm well rounded,
Happy may you live on earth
And in death to God be folded.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

A mighty armament from Spain
Intent on slaughter, bent their way
To Britain's lofty cliffs.

But the All-seeing Providence
Upon them laid His angry hand
And drove them far apart.

Some found their graves beneath the sea,
And others on some hostile coast
To pieces soon were dash'd.

The last of Spain's proud armament,
Encounter'd by the British fleet,
Were conquer'd soon, and fled.

Thus perish'd that great enterprise,
Destroy'd by angry elements,
To show the will of God.

THE MYSTIC WARNING.

On the coming of winter.

The other night 'bout twelve o'clock,
As by the cosy grate I sat
With Huron's "Signal" fore me spread,
Methought I heard a timid knock
Without my cheerful cottage door,
And hastily rose to usher in
A fancied half-clad, hungry child.

The door unbarr'd and open'd wide
Disclosed a glowing fairy form
Envelop'd in a spotless robe
Of ermine, caught in northern snows,
Which, springing lightly inward, cried
In silvery accents, "Close your doors
Against my heedless, blustering lord."

And none too soon the order came,
For while I yet stood by the door,
A wierd, unearthly whistle came
Across the hilly common bare,
And howling fierce, as from the throat
Of yelling demons just let loose
From Pandemonium's drear abode.

With hair on end I turn'd to see
If still the sylph-like form was there;
She stood all smiling at my fears,
Her regal form convuls'd with mirth,
And beckoning me, "Approach," she said,
"I have not flown from crystal halls
So long a flight for no good ends.

"I'm Queen of Greenland's frozen zone,
And hearing that the Lord my King
(Who half the year is staring mad)
Had vow'd by all the Gods above
That for a fancied wrong sustain'd,
With marshall'd hosts he'd waste the plains
Of his warm-hearted rival king,

" In haste I fled with lightning speed
To warn his unsuspecting foe,
'Fore he, with all the cunning art
Of mania's victims, had set out
With scouts out-chosen from his hosts
To spy your sunny southern forts,
You know the rest," and as she spoke

Her image faded from my sight,
And as in haste I cross'd the floor
To catch a distant view,
I stumbled, tripp'd, and fell at length
Across my cushion'd easy chair;
The shock awoke me (for I slept)
And prov'd the vision but a dream.

The light was low, the fire was out,
My room was cheerless, cold and still,
And morning's pale refracted rays
Were struggling through the weighty gloom,
Whilst fiercely shriek'd the North'rn blast,
As fierce it hurl'd its frozen darts
Against the trembling window pane.

LINES.

Inscribed to MRS. CAMP.

O ! where are the friends
Of my boyhood's dream ?
O ! where are they now
I implore ?
Alas ! they are gone
To the land of shade,
And left me to pine
Evermore.

O ! why is the form
Of each lov'd one now
Enshrouded in night
And in gloom ?
Alas ! they are gone
To the spirit land,
Their glee is now hush'd
In the tomb.

HURRAH FOR THE ICE.

Hurrah for the ice, the magic ice,
And its rosy, roystering crew ;
Whilst the pale moon sails
On her pathless course
And the bright rays fall
From their silvery course
Afar in the vaulted blue.

Hurrah for the ice, the magic ice,
And its games so wild and free ;
When the spurning steel
In its graceful flight,
As it glances bright,
Resounds on the frozen lea.

Then hie to the ice, the magic ice,
'Tis the foe of gloom and care ;
For the warm blood bounds
Thro' the swollen veins
Like a stream renew'd
By the frequent rains
Discharg'd from their cloudy lair.

TO H. R. H. ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

A prize was offered by John Haldane, Esq., Head Master of the Goderich High School, for the best poem on the coming of His Royal Highness Prince Albert Edward to Canada in 1861; the subjoined was awarded the prize, the poet then being 15 years of age.

Hail, youthful prince, from England's strand,
Welcome to the Canadian land ;
Honor'd are we by a visit from thee,
Who hast risk'd a passage across the sea
To see a race as loyal and brave
As any that cross the ocean's wave.
If any are found to do thee harm
None will be from Canadian soil,
Except some few of morbid minds,

"Who are so few and far between ;"
And when you turn your steps again
May our Lord guide you from all harm
And safely land you at your home,
From which we hope you'll soon return
And view Canadian lakes again.
But now I must bid my adieu,
And hope that God will favor you.
May thy troubles be short, and thy joys be long ;
May the world be bright as it bears thee along.



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SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS

BY

MISS E. A. SKIMINGS.

Supplementary Poems.

SONG OF MAY.

We greet thee, May,
Thou Queen of Flowers,
The poet's hope
In Winter hours ;
And we praise Christ, the God of Love,
Who sends May's blessings from above.

The husbandman
Now scatters the seed,
Joyous and bright
His lay indeed.
I praise Thee, Christ, the God of Love,
Who sends May's blessings from above.

The sailor's hope
After Winter's reign,
His heart beats high
On the bounding main,
And sings praise to the God of Love
Who sends May's blessings from above.

The maiden's dream
Of sweetest joy,
To find a crown
Without alloy ;
And she prays to the God of Love
Who sends May's blessings from above.

114 SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS BY E. A. SKIMINGS.

We greet thee, May,
Thou Queen of Flowers,
The poet's dream
In Winter hours;
And we praise Christ, the God of Love,
Who sends May's blessings from above.

TO MISS MINNIE KERNIGHAN,

Sunnyside.

Sing sweetly, Minnie, Christmas-tide draweth near,
Usher in joyously the Happy New Year;
Nothing charms the heart like music's magic strain,
None can list to song and undisturbed remain.
Yea, every nation beneath the starlit sky
Sings its songs of love or war, or baby's lullaby;
I know the power it wields, on the battle plain—
Dauntlessly the soldiers march e'en to be slain,
E'en as the bud unfolds after summer's rain.

TO MISS JENNIE MACARA.

Would that the ardent living fire
Of poesy filled my heart,
Then would my pen like magic charm
The friends who from me part.

The raging storm disturbs my thoughts
Which now should tranquil be
To write some earnest parting word,
Love's offering from me.

May thy young life be crown'd with joy,
No sorrow cloud thy brow;
May Hope paint roses on thy cheek
Where lillies blossom now.

Then fare thee well, my dear young friend,
May God guard thee from harm;
And may'st thou golden honors win
Thy parents' hearts to charm.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

To Miss Emma Hardy.

Emma, black-eyed senora,
 No heart can stand thy witching power ;
 Emma, black-eyed senora,
 Thou'rt growing more lovely every hour.

Emma, black-eyed senora,
 Could I but thy fortune foretell
 I'd fill it with golden treasure
 And round thee throw love's magic spell.

near,
 rain,

Emma, black-eyed senora,
 May sorrow ne'er encompass thee more ;
 May joys sweetly bloom in Hope's garland
 Which the future for thee has in store.

TO MISS MARY GRAHAM.

May prosperity attend you,
 And matrimonial bliss surround you ;
 Radiant with charms may your suitor be,
 Your guide in the path of integrity.

GALLIE.

The rosebud mouth,
 How sweet its smile ;
 Thy sparkling eyes,
 Free from all guile.

Thy heart so pure,
 And gentle voice,
 In heaven thou'lt make
 The saints rejoice.

MAUDE T.

d.

Dear Maude, thy heart is as true as steel,
 Faithful to friends thro' woe or weal,
 Bright as Aurora's break of day ;
 May heaven keep thy heart true alway.

TO MISS SARA HARDY.

Thy fond heart has been sadden'd, Sara,
By the loss of a mother's love;
Then may it soon be gladden'd, Sara,
With Hope's choicest boon from above.

May love warm and true e'er be thine, Sara,
So long as thy life here doth last;
May no regret make thee repine, Sara,
No new sorrow thy brow to o'ercast.

TRIBUTE

To my loved sister, Emma Jane, aged 2 years and 7 months.

My lovely sister now is gone,
Her spirit soars on high,
She's gone to meet the God she lov'd
Beyond the azure sky.

No more her little hand I'll take,
No more her sparkling eyes I'll see,
No more her little cheeks I'll kiss,
She's in the grave and lost to me.

Yet not lost, her beautiful head
Was pillow'd on the Savior's breast;
When the sun in its glory rose
Her angel soul had gone to rest.

And now long years have wing'd their flight,
My gifted poet brother lies
Beside her, and our father fond
Is with them, too, in Paradise.

Beside the Maitland's banks they're laid,
Where its murmuring waters flow
Into Lake Huron's song-wreath'd waves,
And where fragrant breezes blow.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

O Jesu Eternal,
The Father and the Son
Join'd with the Holy Ghost,
The sacred Three in one,

O Thee we here adore,
And humbly bow the knee
Before thy bless'd altar,
'Mid incense burnt to Thee.

Thy blood for us was shed,
Thy body to us given,
Blessed sacramental food
To prepare us for Heaven.

months.

Thou art the living Vine,
To Thee, to Thee we cling;
Give us the Wine of Life
To heal our suffering.

Loving, trusting Jesus,
The Father and the Son
Join'd with the Holy Ghost,
The Sacred Three in One,

WEDDING BELLS.

Dedicated to Capt. and Mrs. Gregor McGregor.

Peal on, wedding bells, right merrily peal,
Two hearts to your chimes love's secrets reveal;
Two hearts united, come weal or come woe,
Peal merrily on, as churchward they go.

ight,

Join with the organ in love's mystic chords,
A prelude of joy, intoning the words,
"In Christ ye are one, sin's briers remove,
Go plant in your home the roses of love."

,

,

Peal merrily on, as homeward they go,
Their hearts all sunshine, no sorrow to flow;
With firm faith in God, their Savior divine,
Who at Cana's feast changed water to wine.

CAED MILIE FAILTHE.

In memoriam, Professor Charles Ferguson, the blind
Irish Piper.

Ah, Erin, my country, my joy was unbounded
When thy rapturous music flow'd from my soul
Thro' thy dear Irish pipes, the pride of my childhood,
The passion no power on earth could control.

Ah, Erin, I lov'd thee, Green Isle of St. Patrick,
The land of brilliant wit, land of my birth ;
O how could I leave thee, land of my boyhood,
When my heart beat but for thee, gem of the earth !

Ah, Erin, 'twas for thee, I cross'd the seas over,
'Twas for thee I dwelt by Huron's sounding shore—
To inspire true Canadians with love for the grandeur
Of thy dear Irish pipes, of the land I adore.

But Erin, I must leave thee, my pipes must lie mute
Like the minstrel boy's harp, Death's chords soundeth
not ;

But in heaven my eyes will behold the Grand Harper,
The source of all music, whose strains I have taught.

IN MEMORIAM,

Violet, Carrie, Nell. Lovingly inscribed to Mr. and Mrs.
Wattie Watson.

Why dost thou weep, mother ? Why dost thou weep ?
Thy babes are with Jesus, but not asleep ;
In their hands are His harps, where all is bright,
Where day is unending, where there's no night.

Why dost thou weep, father ? Why dost thou weep ?
When thy little Nell, awake and asleep,
Cried for her sister, who had gone before,
And smiled a sweet smile as she left this shore.

What a lesson to man ! Death to that child
Was a joy to her heart, pure, undefiled ;
She was going to her sister, her pride,
And to her Redeemer, the Sanctified.

LINES

To the album of Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Philadelphia.

Half a century has passed
 Since first upon thy virginal page was traced
 Lines from hearts by grief o'ercast,
 Lines that 'Time's swift arrow has not yet effaced.

Lines of love from from hoping hearts
 That may now rest in peace on the beautiful shore ;
 Hearts that once felt Cupid's darts,
 That may now be cold in Death's embrace for ever-
 more.

THE NEW MOON.

Like a silver bow in the starlit sky
 The moon in her grandeur rides ;
 So glittering and cold she appears to us,
 But love in her light confides.

Woe to the maiden who sees her pale face
 Through the glass of the window pane ;
 Her lover will surely prove himself false,
 She'll ne'er see his face again.

But if she stands under heaven's blue dome,
 Where the moon's rays o'er her fall,
 Then will she be bless'd with a happy love,
 For love is the crown of all.

Sail on, silvery moon. with thy witching grace,
 Send good luck to small and great ;
 Those who saw thee to-night forget them not,
 Let Christmas joys them await.

TO MISS EMMA PLATT.

Emma, thou art true, love,
 With thy golden hair,
 And thy eyes of blue, love,
 Thou art beauteous fair.

Busy as the birds in Spring,
 Warbling all the day ;
 Emma, thou art enchanting
 Like some merry fay.

Come when the daisies peep
 From under the snow ;
 And be sure the promise keep
 Which you make me now.

You may win laurels, Emma,
 If they're to be won,
 With your *jeu desprit*, Emma,
 While in Palmerston.

TO THE BLUE ONTARIO.

On thy bosom a mist is descending,
 Blue Ontário !
 Enshrouding the masts of thy gallant barques,
 Blue Ontario !
 Humility reigns in temple and hall ;
 The rain falls in torrents on great and small,
 Washing the dross from the hearts of us all ;
 Blue Ontario !

I love thy Queen City, now in its pride ;
 Blue Ontario.
 Green are its parks as the emerald's hue ;
 Blue Ontario !
 Genius and art are fostered with care,
 Progress takes root in thy pure bucyant air,
 Thy youths and maidens are gallant and fair ;
 Blue Ontario.

And now while I write the sun in his glory
 Is shining again, filling hearts with His love ;
 The blue to thy breast is calmly returning,
 The sails of thy craft look like wings of a dove.

Thy waters are dancing with purest delight,
 The mass from thy temples look joyous and bright,
 And I from my heart this fond prayer indite,
 Forget me not, blue Ontario.

TO MISS KATE HARDY,

Toronto.

Could I forget thy laughing eyes
Which chase all care away;
Or sunny gleams of burnish'd gold
Which 'mid thy tresses stray.

Thy thoughtful brow of study tells,
With perseverance rare,
Which fits thee for the guide of those
Committed to thy care.

Then cull the flowers of toil, dear Kate,
To scatter by the way,
That all their fragrance must inhale
And thou with praise repay.

1884.

One, two, three, from the Court House tower,
Four, five, six, I'm counting ev'ry hour;
Seven, eight, nine, in a moment more
Ten, eleven, twelve—welcome Eighty-Four.

The bell from the Old Kirk is ringing,
And merry young voices are singing,
"Happy New Year," "A Happy New Year,"
On wings of gladness hovering near.

A right happy New Year may it be,
Let the Old Year sink in time's vast sea,
May its cares and trials be forgot
And each of us happy with our lot.

Let friend meet friend with words of truth,
Let the old motto each learns in youth,
The helm that guides while life's barque we steer,
"Dieu et mon droit," words plain and clear.

"Dieu et mon droit," our country's command,
"Dieu et mon droit," the magical wand;
This New Year on the banners of fame
Enroll Canada's sons worthy her name.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

O Cherubim and Seraphim
 Give praise unto His holy name,
 For the Lord of Hosts this day
 Our Life and our Savior became.
 Lift your voices in glad hosannas
 All ye choirs upon earth,
 Sing the song of Christ triumphant,
 The song of Thy heavenly birth.

"I am the life, the living host,"
 Sent from the Father's holy Throne ;
 "He that eateth of this bread
 Shall live forever by me alone."
 Fragrant flowers perfume thy altar,
 Floral offerings children bring,
 With their white robes of innocence
 While choirs "Pange Lingua" sing.

"Tantum Ergo," the host is laid
 Upon the altar, Faith's resting place ;
 While the congregation's prayers,
 Like incense sweet, invoke God's grace.
 Our souls inhale Heaven's fragrance,
 Our lives in innocence bloom ;
 The angels who sang at our birth
 Hosannas will sing o'er our tomb.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

Merrily, merrily, peal the chimes
 On this our holy Christmas morn,
 And glad Hosannas reach the throne
 Because Jesus to-day was born ;
 Children raise your hearts above
 For the blessing of his love.

Merrily, merrily, peal the chimes,
 While children's voices shout in glee
 As they count the myriad presents
 Growing on the Christmas tree ;
 Grateful for the Christmas cheer
 Santa Claus brings them ev'ry year.

Merrily, merrily, peal the chimes
 From the old cathedral's tower,
 And the organ's glorious anthems
 Show the great Redeemer's power,
 As Christians wend their way to pray
 On this merry Christmas day.

ODE TO SPRING.

To Miss N. C. M., by request.

The spring time is coming upon us
 And cold, chilly winter has gone,
 The robin sings loud from the maple
 His carol at coming of dawn.

The meadows have wak'd from their slumbers,
 The flow'rets have sprung into light,
 And southern breezes are laden
 With odors of wild flowers bright,

The hawthorn will soon be in blossom,
 The valley will soon be in bloom,
 And snows from the woodlands will vanish
 For lillies more pure to make room.

The brooklet now freed from its fetters
 Goes murmuring on through the dell,
 With sound as of tinkling cymbals
 Or voice of a silvery bell.

The Graces their locks are adorning,
 The Naiads are walking abroad,
 And the woodnymph and song bird united
 Are singing the praises of God.

HAIL, GLORIOUS EASTER MORN.

Hail, glorious Easter morn,
 Herald the soul's true innocence;
 The winter of sin has pass'd,
 Frail blossoms have stood its blast,
 The pure blossoms of Repentance.

124 SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS BY E. A. SKIMINGS.

Salvation, heavenly word,
Ever echoed around the throne ;
Salvation's reign has begun,
To serve the Sanctified One,
Whose forgiveness melts hearts of stone.

The birds sing their notes of praise,
Omnipotence, Omnipotence ;
The lakes and rivers are free,
All nature is fill'd with glee,
Satan's breastworks have no defence.

Hail, glorious Easter morn,
Herald the soul's true innocence ;
The winter of sin has pass'd,
Frail blossoms have stood its blast,
The pure blossoms of Repentance.

SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Sacred heart of Jesus
Burning with love divine,
In the garden of my soul
Plant this Heart of Thine.

Thou art like a red, red rose
Blooming 'mid lillies fair ;
What upon this beauteous earth
With thy love can compare ?

Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Calm Thou my troubled soul
When the tempest rages
And angry surges roll.

Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Bleeding for this world's sin,
Fill us with contrition
Thy forgiveness to win.

Sacred heart of Jesus,
Golden vessel of love,
Cleanse us from earthly dross
To dwell with saints above.

CHARITY.

Charity, sweet sister of Faith and Hope,
Heaven's greatest boon to us below,
Thy flowing mantle gently o'er us falls
And soothes the unutterable woe.

Ye sons of Fortune, ye who cannot know
How dire Temptation calmly can await
At Misery's door, until the victim
In the pitfall sinks—Hope comes too late.

Then Charity, sweet music of the soul,
Let thy glorious chords strike our hearts
With love for all; "Love thine enemy,"
The Holy Scriptures to us imparts.

TO MISS FANNIE ROTHWELL.

How glorious this outburst of May,
With its balmy summer-like breeze :
And birds caroling sweetly each day
While building their nests in the trees.
So, Fanny, may their gladdening song
Awaken fond hopes in thy heart,
And bring to thee joy untold ere long,
Which while life lasts cannot depart.

TO * * *

May a sunny sky greet thee
On thy wedding morn ;
May roses of health and beauty
Thy twin cheeks adorn.
May love's light shine in thine eyes
And sparkle with fun,
And may God's heavenly grace
Rest on thy chosen one.

AN EASTER GIFT.

Only a tender snowdrop
Springing from the darken'd mould,
With no leaf to protect it
From the April evening's cold.

But like the Easter gladness
 It needs only the sun's warm ray ;
 Like hearts, warm with contrition,
 To offer the God-man to-day.

Then, like the pure white snowdrop,
 Let us fear not surrounding sin ;
 When called to the heavenly mansion
 Be prepared to " enter in."

CHRISTMAS.

Softly fall the virgin snowflakes
 From their high home above,
 On this earth of sin and sorrow,
 As tokens of Christ's love.

The Christ who with His Mother lay
 In Bethlehem's manger cold,
 But with the halo round his brow,
 The promised Son of old.

The Son for whom a nation longed
 With faith in Israel's God ;
 And now He's come in innocence,
 His outstretched arm, the rod —

The heavenly rod, that rules mankind
 With hope instead of fear ;
 The rod that smites the rock of sin,
 Whence jets of love appear.

Then let us glad hosannas sing,
 Let's hasten to adore
 The new-born King, our God and King.
 Our joy for evermore.

Let " Gloria in Excelsis " rise
 From lips of old and young,
 And on the merry Christmas day
 Be glad Hosannas sung

As one voice from a nation's heart,
 To spread from sea to sea
 The joyful news that Bethlehem's Babe
 Is born again to thee.

MAGGIE.

Spring, gay spring, is coming, she longs to be here ;
 Trefoil and yellow primrose soon will appear.
 Valentine's day wearies us of winter's snow,
 A lovely blossoming spring 'twill be, I trow.
 Lillies and crocuses will soon lift their heads,
 Eager to escape from their prison-bound beds ;
 Narcissus comes, too, urging us to aspire
 To Fame's pinnacle, each day higher and higher.
 I vainly imagine why people alway,
 Notwithstanding this fete of Valentine's day,
 Ever try to vex someone, where love should reign.
 Surely malice and frosts should be on the wane.
 Do unto others as they should do to you,
 A happy heart you will always have, and true
 Your friends will be, old serving ones and new.

CHRISTMAS WISHES.

Pit, pat, patter, patter, down comes the rain
 Against my cosy parlor window pane,
 And I am wishing that it may soon snow,
 So old Santa Claus may know where to go.

But then he'll never dream, kind, dear old man,
 That we've had no snow since winter began ;
 He'll come heavy laden with bonbons sweet
 And gifts of all kinds, your fond hearts to greet.

Nice gifts for mammas, as well as the boys,
 And for papas, too, who love pretty toys ;
 The girls and the babies will get their share,
 For Santa Claus loves all under his care.

And when Christmas comes be kind to the poor,
 Send them rejoicing away from your door ;
 Christ then will love you, my little darlings,
 Who was born in a manger—King of Kings.

And now let me wish you a right good cheer
 For Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,
 With huge piles of snow and nice sleighs and skates,
 And raisins and figs, mince pie, cake and dates.

"ELOI, ELOI, LAMMA SABACTHANI."

Good Friday.

Christian reader, ponder deeply,
 To-day the Savior died ;
 With cruel thorns his head is crown'd,
 Then Sinai quakes with awful sound—
 The Man-God is crucified.

Yet man goes on his path of sin,
 Forgetting Calvary's tree,
 Forgetting that our sins He bore
 That we might live for evermore,
 From every sorrow free.

With cruel spears His side they pierce,
 Yet sweet smiles His face adorn ;
 "Eloi, Eloi," the Savior's cry,
 "Eloi Lamma Sabacthani,"
 With fierce pain His heart is torn.

O may we meet Him face to face,
 . When our race on earth is run ;
 O may sweet buds of promise bloom
 In ev'ry heart, where sin finds room,
 To praise Israel's holy One.

How can we wound Him day by day,
 When we know He bore our pain ?
 Then let contrition's fount o'erflow
 And sin stain'd souls, made white as snow,
 A heavenly crown to gain.

And like spring blossoms let our hearts
 Rise to Him who died to-day ;
 Let heavenly rays our actions gild,
 That Christ's promise may be fulfill'd.
 To dwell with His saints alway.

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life,"
 Let thy prayers like incense rise ;
 And let the Easter sun shine o'er
 A land where the redeem'd adore
 Christ, the living Sacrifice.

RESIGNATION AND CONTENTMENT.

Resignation, sweet word of faith in heaven above,
And Contentment, richest treasure of all earthly love ;
In the homes where they dwell joy most pure will e'er
be found,
And sorrow will take wing at their talismanic sound.

In the cot of the peasant contentment charms the heart,
And many a noble wishes in vain he had a part,
For Ambition rudely spurs him on, and God is forgot
Until he passes under the rod, the sinner's lot.

Riches oft to mortal are temptation's greatest snare,
Filling them with vanity, obliterating care ;
Forgetting that to Him above, who hears Sorrow's moan,
Alone belongs their riches, to help the needy one.

TO ARTHUR MOLESWORTH.

Is it myself, Arthur, you'd be after askin'
For only a line if not two ?
Right glad I'd be if I had the least notion
What kind of a line would suit you.

Straight lines, I'm thinkin', would be the most proper
For people who live on the Square ;
And straight lines lead to Paradise, Arthur,
As well as to parodies rare.

KINDNESS.

Kindness is akin to love,
Melting hearts of stone ;
Its flame ascends to heaven,
To the holy One.
Its flame doth warm the ember,
Kindling it to life,
When it lay all blacken'd
By life's daily strife ;
Throwing its heat around us
Like the noonday sun,
Strengthening us for the work
Kindness has begun.

Kindness is the ruby red
 Among jewels rare,
 Polished by a master hand
 And cherish'd with care ;
 No flaw upon its surface,
 'Tis red through and through,
 Breathing of the heav'nly love,
 Ever pure and true.
 Then fill the world with kindness,
 Set sad hearts aglow,
 And fit them for the treasure
 Hid from eyes below.

Kindness is the red, red rose
 Growing 'mid the thorns,
 Filling with richest fragrance
 Whate'er it adorns ;
 Worn by the modest maiden,
 Worn by royal queen,
 It loseth not its beauty
 Where'er it is seen.
 By the lonely forest path,
 With perfume so rare,
 Is found the rose of kindness,
 Crushing out despair.

TO MARY.

(Mrs. Dave McKay.)

Mary, thy name is sweeter far
 Than all other names to me ;
 Mayst thou be filled with virtues rare,
 Like the Marys of Galilee.

TO A DARK-EYED MAIDEN.

May joys without number
 Be thine for aye,
 And may'st thou ne'er repent
 Thy wedding day.

TO LIZZIE C.

Lizzie, lov'd one, with een of blue,
 Well I know thou'lt ever be true ;
 Cherish for me a loving thought
 Which for treasure can ne'er be bought.

Lizzie, thou'rt gentle, pure and good.
 Like flow'ret budding in the wildwood ;
 Then be gay, Lizzie, while you may,
 And for good fortune ever pray.

GIRLS, BE KIND TO MOTHER.

Girls, be kind to mother,
 For you her life is spent ;
 From the early morning
 She prays that grace be lent

To her loving daughters
 Whose lives to her belong,
 Who tuned their rosy lips
 To words of sweetest song,

Praising their Creator,
 Lispering His holy name ;
 " Good God, bless our mamma,"
 Their first and highest aim.

Girls, be kind to mother
 And help her on her way
 With little acts of kindness
 Along her household way.

Prepare the morning meal
 That she may rest awhile ;
 With little acts of kindness
 Her work with love beguile,

That at the sunset hour
 Her work may be complete ;
 While on her bended knees
 Her thoughts are pure and sweet.

182 SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS BY E. A. SKIMINGS.

Born of a holy love
That, like a star of peace,
Illumines that happy home
With joys that cannot cease.

Girls, be kind to mother,
Let not the bridal veil
Take from her the glory
That crowns her face so pale.

A mother's love is thine
Till death doth chill her heart
And close the loving eyes
That wept with joy to part

From you, when other eyes
Brought blushes to your cheek,
Whose loving words are heard,
"Thou art the one I seek."

Girls, be kind to mother,
Smooth with love her way
When pain, Death's messenger,
Bids her no longer stay

In this world of sadness,
Where shadows cast their gloom,
To a land of sunlight,
The land beyond the tomb.

TRIBUTE TO CANADA'S LOVED QUEEN.

Lines received by Princess Louise on Her Majesty's birthday during Her Royal Highness' visit in Canada, and which H. R. H. was pleased to term "graceful poetry."

Air, "National March."

On this our belov'd Queen's natal day,
Let Canada's sons and daughters pray
That long our Queen may her sceptre sway
O'er sea and land.
Let Scotia from her highland glen,
And from lowland, mountain, field, and fen,
Tune her pibroch for the gallant men
At her Queen's command.

SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS BY E. A. SKIMINGS. 189

Let Erin's harp, with its heart strings torn,
 Rejoice like the sunburst, on this happy morn,
 And the brow of Erin's Queen adorn
 With Faith's diadem.
 Let Albion's halls with mirth resound,
 And "India's coral strand" abound
 With love that in loyal hearts is found,
 The christian's gem.

May the sunset of her life be calm,
 And the memory of her works a psalm
 When the nation's heart will need a balm :
 God bless our Queen.

 TO MAUDE.

Maude, so airy and bright,
 Skipping along to skate ;
 I'm sure her heart is light,
 It should be at any rate.
 Skate, Maude, it's jolly fun,
 And dance, too, gay and bright ;
 But mind your "scales" to run,
 One half hour every night.

 CANADA'S FAREWELL TO LOUISE AND LORD
 LORNE.

Air, "St. Patrick's Day.

Farewell to thee, Princess, a nation's devotion
 We owe to thee, daughter of Albion's Queen ;
 The high and the lowly are fill'd with emotion,
 In all hearts thou'rt mirror'd where'er thou hast been.
 Then fare thee well, Princess,
 'Round thy heart enwreath us,
 Let fair Canada's realms be a volume to thee,
 Of which love's the binding,
 The gem thou'lt be finding
 As long as Britannia rules o'er land and sea. Then
 O think of its lakes, its rivers and streams,
 O think of its maples, fair Canada's tree, then
 O think of thy rambles, like beautiful dreams.

184 SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS BY E. A. SKIMINGS.

Fare thee well, Princess, and fare thee well, Lorne,
May thy lives end as nobly as they have begun ;
May art and the muses thy mind's chambers adorn,
That thou mayst in poesy live "second to none."

Then fare thee well, Princess,
'Round thy heart enwreath us.

Let fair Canada's realms be a volume to thee ;
May gladness unbroken,
The soul's joyous token,

Be thine while Britannia rules over land and sea. Then
O think of its lakes, its rivers and streams ;
O think of its maples, fair Canada's tree, then
O think of thy rambles, like beautiful dreams.

Let "Hold Fast" be thy guerdon—Hope's starry banner
To keep thy lives filled with God's heavenly love,
That virtues may flourish where life is a burden,
And draw souls from earth's Eden to the palace above.

Then fare thee well, Princess,
'Round thy heart enwreath us,

Let fair Canada's realms be a volume to thee,
Of which love's the binding,
The gem thou'lt be finding,

As long as Britannia rules o'er land and sea. Then
O think of its lakes, its rivers and streams,
O think of its maples, fair Canada's tree, then
O think of thy rambles, like beautiful dreams.

MAGGIE MACKAY.

Like the roses that bloom in the June time,
Didst thou pass from our fond loving eyes,
Leaving our hearts filled with sorrow's deep grief,
Whilst the angels bore thee to the skies.

The merry light in thy joyous blue een
Endeared thee to the friends of thy youth,
And the bloom on thy cheek so rich and rare
Spoke of innocence, virtue, and truth.

Thy fresh young voice, Maggie, we'll ne'er forget,
The pure music of love filled each tone ;
But no voice is too pure for Beulah land
To praise the Lord on the Great White Throne.

KATIE.

How deftly thy fingers touch the ivory keys,
Playing "Rosseau's Dream" with the most perfect ease ;
Thy face like a sunbeam, crown'd with hair of gold,
Thou'lt be a star, Katie, when years thy gifts unfold.

TO MRS. H. DENNIS,

Brussels.

May your future be crown'd with strength and health
And a preponderance of this world's wealth.

LINES

On receiving thanks from the Honorable Members of the
Mechanics' Institute.

'Tis sweet to be thanked,
But sweeter, sweeter far
To know that one's acts
Meritorious are.

TO MISS EVA SMITH,

On receiving from her the gift of a basket of beautiful peaches.

Many thanks, Eva, dear, for the luscious peach.
With its crimson and golden, downy skin ;
'Tis a tempting gift to put in one's reach,
To taste them I'm really afraid to begin,
For I love to look at them—not even rich cream
Would tempt me to try them, so pretty they are ;
But eat them I must, for there's no use to dream
Of putting them into a bottle or jar.

TO MARY ELLEN FARR.

Thy friendship is like heavenly dew,
Thy love like heaven's sun.

TO NELLIE.

May your dark eyes know no sorrow,
May they shine with pure delight ;
May you know no sad to-morrow,
May you praise God day and night.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

And now again 'tis Christmas day,
 And Bethlehem's star shines bright,
 That star of old, that star of fame,
 That star that crown'd a heavenly name,
 Jesus, the Infant King ;
 And now again its silvery ray
 Sends hope and love, the soul's delight,
 While angels anthems sing.

Can man desire a greater proof
 Of Christ's all-protecting power,
 Than see again this star of love,
 The shepherds' guiding star, above,
 To Jesus, Mary's Son ?
 Can any Christian stand aloof
 From praising, at this hour,
 Jesus, the Holy One ?
 Let ev'ry heart, this Christmas day,
 Rejoice and be exceeding gay.

TO ÆNEAS JOSEPH.

Little boy, thy parents' first-born,
 Canst thou lisp thy name ?
 Canst thou ask the good St. Joseph
 For one spark of flame ?
 To inspire thee in thy boyhood
 With devotion true,
 For God and His holy altar,
 Life's sweet heavenly dew.

IN MEMORIAM.

John Donagh, Musician.

Pulseless the buoyant heart, silent the kindly voice
 That filled the homes with music, making hearts rejoice.
 Erin's sons may mourn him—to Erin he was true,
 Her music was his glory, pure as heavenly dew.

Lay the Shamrock on his breast—'twas his darlin' pride,
 No other flower for him in all this world so wide ;
 It spoke to him of grandeur, of hope in Heaven's love,
 Where the Three in One doth reign, in the courts above.

MY QUEEN.

Inscribed to Capt. Edwards.

The moonlight falls upon the sea,
 While my barque rides o'er the wave ;
 The heav'ns are bright
 With stars of night,
 And my crew are firm and brave.
 The heav'ns are bright
 With stars of night,
 And my crew are firm and brave.

They sing Auld Scotia's bonnie sangs,
 O' pibrochs wild and sweet,
 While Erin's woes,
 And England's rose
 Make my heart with devotion beat.
 While Erin's woes,
 And England's rose
 Make my heart with devotion beat.

For you, my bonnie dark-eyed Queen,
 I'll roam the seas no more,
 But at thy side,
 While time doth glide,
 I'll stay until life is o'er.
 But at thy side,
 While time doth glide,
 I'll stay until life is o'er.

ZEDA.

Gazelle-eyed Zeda, thy black eyes flash and flame
 Like diamonds in the sun, wild like thy gypsy name ;
 Cheeks as red as roses, ebony black thy hair,
 Lips of coral redness, some bright youth to ensnare.

LILLIAN.

Forget me not, Lillian, when Love throws his spell
 O'er thy young trusting heart by Brechan's famous well ;
 If fairy tales you write, be sure to find a king
 Who'll woo the " Forest Maiden " with Love's offering.

CANADA'S TRIBUTE TO THE POET
LONGFELLOW.

The gifted poet breathes no more,
 Undisturbed his pen. The sweet voice
 That children lov'd to hear is mute,
 But yet he speaks : His songs live
 In the fond hearts of his people.
 His grand " Psalm of Life " will be sung
 When this generation has pass'd
 Beyond the ken of mortal man—
 Genius never dies, it must live
 Like heaven, to fulfil man's ends ;
 For as heaven leaveneth the loaf
 So doth genius inspire the soul,
 Man's soul must be set in motion,
 Else the animal creation
 Would soon approach his normal state.
 Man's soul is made in God's image,
 Grand in its conception, grander
 Than all the mighty works of heaven.
 The poet has his daily task
 As well as the philosopher.
 All noble minds, like the planets,
 Have each their place in life's orbit,
 With God for their Eternal Sun.
 Then let us pay sincere homage
 To the aged Poet of the North,
 Whose " Day is done," whose work is o'er ;
 Let Canada twine maple leaves
 With the wreath of laurel and cypress
 Chiselled by the sculptor Time,
 A lasting crown, a monument
 To America's poet laureate,
 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

 BLANCHE.

Dear Blanche, thy name bespeaks a stately maid,
 A loving trusting heart, like unto thine ;
 A budding flow'r to whom homage is paid,
 A flower whose beauty will ne'er decline.

TO MRS. J. A. WIELAND,

Detroit.

E'en keep thy voice attun'd to His praise above,
The Lord of Hosts, the Mighty, Father of all love.

IN MEMORIAM.

Eva Weatherald.

I know I'm going, dear papa, to the home above ;
Tell not mamma, it will pain her heart so full of love.
Tell my little classmates at St. George's that I know
We'll meet again. Tho' now I'm weak, yet I'm glad to go
To join the angels who surround the Almighty's throne,
And weep not, papa darling, rejoice when I am gone.

A. GRANT.

May heaven bless thee with health and give thee grace
To keep life's joyous glow on thy tranquil face.

